

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2551.—VOL. XCII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.  
AND FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING } By Post, 6½d.



A PEEP AT SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In connection with the recent decease of a well-known and well-off man of letters a discussion has arisen, whether it is better for persons who follow the literary profession to be well off or not. The parties themselves are not consulted: their opinion on the subject, perhaps, being taken for granted. If it is pleasant to cultivate letters on a little oatmeal, it is pleasanter, doubtless, to have a little cream and sugar to mix with it: but your literary people never know what is good for them. On the whole, it seems concluded that it is better to keep them on short commons. A Judge—though not a very good one—has decided that all “artificial advantages,” such as copyrights, should be denied to authors, because genius (like murder) “will out,” whether it is remunerated or not. Therefore, why remunerate it? To this, however, it has been replied that the Judge in question knows much more about murder than about genius. It is positively certain, from data within reach of all, that Shakspeare would not have written so many plays, nor Scott so many novels, without the stimulus of pecuniary rewards: but would they not have written better if they had written less? Some writers, again, like Johnson, would probably not have written at all had not Poverty been close behind them with her bradawl: this class (as might have been expected) write by fits and starts.

The question resolves itself into three heads. First, is it best (for the public, of course—not the author, nobody cares for him) for writers to be rich? Secondly, to be tolerably well off? Thirdly, to be starving? The first is so very rare a case as hardly to be worth considering. Grote was rich, Rogers was rich, Beckford was rich; other rich men have had a “great turn for literature,” and would, no doubt (as Byron tells us of this class in his day), have beaten all the mere literary people out of the field; but—from motives, doubtless, that did as much honour to their hearts as their unwritten MSS. did to their heads—they have generally abstained from the competition. Then there is the starvation system—I put it second, though it comes third, to get it over, because it is rather an unpleasant subject (at all events, to me). Savage tried it, and Churchill tried it. Nobody who has read these authors can fail to observe that privation affected their tempers. Besides which, though you keep your author on ever so small an allowance of food, he manages, somehow, to make it up in drink. There were advantages, no doubt, in this treatment to one portion of the public—the publishers; but to take an author’s clothes away and lock him up in a room till he had written his epic poem (or whatever it was), was surely a strange method of “encouraging” literature! I have myself known a once popular and agreeable writer to be reduced to such straits as, while engaged in literary composition, to be compelled to rock the cradle in which his youngest born would not repose; but, notwithstanding what may be said about association—the noblest feelings of the paternal nature being stirred to their depths by so tender an occupation, and so on—I think he would have succeeded better with his feet unemployed and his mind disengaged.

No. Looking at the matter quite dispassionately, I am all for No. II. (not for Number One, and far less for No. III.)—a moderate competence for the author. This would prevent the necessity for pot-boilers, and that tendency to be prolific, which is so truly deplorable. The question is, How to confer the competence? Well, we have all heard (and perhaps more than once) that they who make the ballads for a nation are of more consequence to it (though they get much less) than they who make the laws. And how much more true is this—I am quite willing to take a plébiscite of readers upon this point—as regards the people who make the stories for a nation! It is clear, therefore, that it would be worth while, from a national point of view, to endow our story-tellers—only the really good ones, of course—with such an annual allowance as will make them easy in their circumstances, or, I should rather say—because that is the matter with which the public is concerned—in their minds. As to the exact sum to make them “easy,” that, of course, would vary. Some people require more room, as it were, to turn about in than others. But, by way of experiment, I shall be happy to take charge of a moderate competence (paid quarterly), and apply it (with great delicacy and regard for his feelings, I need hardly say) to the case of a particular (and particularly deserving) author I have in my eye, and report (after a sufficient interval—say, ten or a dozen years hence) how the thing works.

I am afraid there are mischievous people who experience a certain pleasure when they hear of the artistic world being taken in by some imposture or another—and they are rather often pleased. The sham old masters that have been passed off as real ones on the conductors of the Dresden Gallery will be quite a godsend to these cynics. For the Dresden Gallery has a very high reputation, and not to know an old master—or, as the author of “Vice Versa” irreverently puts it, “at all events a master old enough to know better”—from a young one is very shocking. The French will also be delighted, because the pictures were bought by Saxony out of its share of the war indemnity. Persons with any sense of propriety are, on the other hand, much distressed; they understand the principle upon which art is valued, and admire a picture not upon the vulgar ground of merit, but on its being the work of some particular hand, the older the better. One hardly likes to associate a deplorable catastrophe of this kind with the ludicrous, but what is really rather funny, the rogue who took in the Saxon committee (the very finest superfine Saxony) actually invented an old master for their special benefit—David Mytten. I repeat, I don’t like to speak lightly of such a matter, but the device was certainly droll, and had even itself a sort of Art in it. Think of the scores of critics who have stood with telescopic palms before that picture in Dresden, and murmured in hushed and reverent accents, “David

Mytten!” I know an authority in art who, when in an admiring vein, is wont to write, “When once we have seen one of this great man’s immortal works, it is impossible to imagine a world without”—and then follows some Dutch or Italian name. If he ever wrote that of David Mytten he was in error. Nevertheless, however, there was an old master of that name—and even a pair of Mytten, father and son, both painters, but both Daniels: a portrait of the former was taken by Vandyke, and the engraving from it now lies before me. He practised his art in this country, and painted (for Charles I.) the dwarf Geoffrey Hudson holding a dog with a string, which may be seen to-day, I believe (if you get an order for it), in St. James’s Palace.

Kidnapping is very much gone out of fashion. It was once quite a happy hunting-ground for the novelist in search of a plot; but the gipsy is not the man he was, and I doubt whether the child of noble family has been whisked out of his coroneted perambulator, steeped in walnut juice, and compelled to “dwell in tents” for these fifty years. On the other hand, pet animals are stolen more than ever. It is not very long ago that a lady of fashion, who, after buying her own Fido six times from the dog-stealers, declined to purchase it any more, received a peremptory notice from the robbers—borrowed, probably, from the custom of Italian brigands—that if two sovereigns were not paid by a certain date she would receive Fido’s skin by parcel post. A sagacious physician of my acquaintance who lost his pet dog put a little notice in the paper headed “Warning!” which charitably described the animal as having “strayed.” “It is of no value, not even to the owner; but, having been experimented upon, for scientific purposes, with many virulent poisons, a lick from its tongue—and it is very affectionate—would probably be fatal.” That dog came back the next day. Talking parrots are much sought after by good judges of birds who also deal in them. One changed owners the other day, and was the subject of another Solomon’s judgment in the police-court. The gentleman—to put it without offence—who was decided *not* to have been the original proprietor, had adopted the most ingenious device to prove possession. “Your parrot!” he exclaimed indignantly to the claimant. “Did your parrot swear like this?”—whereupon Polly indulged in the most “cursory observations.” “Can your parrot sing?”—upon which Polly sang this:—

Oh, dear doctor, Polly is sick—  
Run for the doctor—quick, quick!  
D— the doctor, he is gone away;  
Why the devil didn’t he stay?

After this there was quite a German-Reed entertainment, given by the parrot, except that the rules of propriety and good breeding were utterly set at nought. The claimant, who was a very genteel person, stood aghast. He recognised his parrot, but not its manners and novel gifts. In six months its morals had been utterly debauched; though, probably more with the intention of concealing its identity than from mere wickedness. I wonder how long it will be before pretty Poll becomes fit for society again? It had better be sent to some public school to acquire “the tone.” On the other hand, the young gentlemen have to be considered who, among themselves (I am assured by eminent educationalists), never use a naughty word.

The technical organ, *Invention*, sounds a note of warning to ingenious but too ingenuous persons, who speak of their discoveries over the social board before registering them in an official manner; this practice too often, it seems, causes their ideas—or rather the proper record of them—to be anticipated. Some, perhaps scientific, but certainly larcenous, fellow-guest, goes to the Patent Office before the inventor. This is hard; but not harder than having one’s little jokes (small things, perhaps, but one’s own) taken out of one’s mouth, and appropriated without acknowledgment by other people. This is, at least, as common a crime, and much more cruel in its circumstances; for the patent is still one’s patent, and has been only too accurately described, whereas one’s joke is often so mutilated and misquoted that he is a wise father, indeed, who knows his own offspring. There is another wrong, too, from which the would-be patentee is free, to which the poor joker is subjected if, in course of time (which he really can’t help), he has become ancient. If he writes his biography and narrates something humorous that happened to himself in his youth, the critics, who are often as young as they are notoriously unscrupulous, point at it with derisive finger, and say, “Why, this is a very old joke!” Quite true; it happened before they were born; but it was new when it happened to the autobiographer. This, unhappily, is an experience of my own; how I came across the objectionable observation I don’t know; it must have been the merest accident, for I shrink from such things as though they had the smallpox. (I have not a word to say against the “higher criticism,” of course, and only refer to persons who write of me in an uncomplimentary way.) Many authors, on the contrary, have a morbid passion for reading everything that is said against them. They subscribe a guinea a year to the gentlemen who undertake to send you “cuttings” of everything that is printed about you throughout the universe. An accomplished journalist was once called upon by one of these bestowers of immortality at second-hand, and besought to become a subscriber. “But, my good Sir,” urged the journalist, “my unfortunate profession compels me to read all the newspapers for myself.” “The English newspapers, perhaps,” rejoined the enterprising agent; “but you have no idea what offensive things are said about you in the Colonies and America!”

We make a great fuss about our English climate, “the piercing cold,” and the few ounces of snow that fall in London; but people who also consider themselves to be civilised have much worse weather. A friend near Lemberg, on the borders of Galicia, writes last week as follows. After a word or two about the political lookout—which is not reassuring—“We are making every possible preparation for war; soldiers quartered

in every direction and the rates and taxes enormously raised, which means certain ruin to many”—he adds this illustration of the Galician climate; “For a moment I am here alone, a prisoner, for the trains have again ceased to run on account of the snow. I have to send to Lemberg on horse-back to get any news of the outside world. The cold is terrible. Fancy a poor sweep going from the village to the farm—a very short distance—and being attacked by wolves! Fortunately or unfortunately he was carrying a ladder with which he mounted one of those large wooden crosses you must have noticed on our roads. Next morning he was found clinging to the cross frozen to death; on the snow below, the traces of wolves!” And here, in London, we indignantly inquire what the Board of Works, at least, is about to permit the snow to lie so deep as to get into our goloshes!

A correspondent of the *Athenaeum*, who writes from Stationers’ Hall, lays the blame of the uselessness of that institution, as regards the titles of books, upon the law of copyright. Its uselessness has, however, nothing to do with the law; but arises from the misconduct or idleness of those who are in authority. All that authors ask of Stationers’ Hall, and have asked for the last quarter of a century, is that it should keep its books in a proper manner—i.e., with their titles alphabetically arranged. It persists in mentioning only the authors’ names; how is it possible then for an author who wishes to discover whether his title has previously been used to inform himself of the fact? This simple suggestion, which meets all difficulties, is treated by Stationers’ Hall with contemptuous indifference. The law is so far to blame, as not to insist upon the adoption of this remedy; if the class who are interested in this matter had any political platform the authorities of Stationers’ Hall would see their way to amendment quickly enough.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health, drives out daily. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty on March 1; and Lord Amphil and the Hon. and Rev. Canon Courtenay, M.A., had the honour of being invited. Her Majesty’s dinner-party on the 2nd included Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Lady Amphil, Lady-in-Waiting; her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, Viscount and Viscountess Melgund, the Earl of Onslow, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Kilmarock, Lieutenant Lord Skelmersdale, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., G.C.B., Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord-in-Waiting; and General Lynedoch Gardiner, C.B., Equerry-in-Waiting. Accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Queen paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough on the 3rd, and inspected the mausoleum which contains the remains of the late Emperor and Prince Louis Napoleon. The Bishop of Manchester arrived at the castle and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family. Major Lord Arthur Somerset, Royal Horse Guards, and Colonel Gascoigne, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, were also invited. On Sunday morning, March 4, her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Bishop of Manchester, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, officiated. The Bishop preached. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty in the afternoon. The Earl and Countess of Kenmare and Sir Peter Lumsden arrived at the castle on Monday, and as well as Major-General Dennehy, had the honour of being included in her Majesty’s dinner-party. The Queen went out on Tuesday morning accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty came to London on March 8, to hold the Drawingroom next day, remaining at Buckingham Palace until Saturday, then returning to Windsor Castle. The Queen, we understand, intends to dine with the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, on Saturday evening, in celebration of the Prince and Princess of Wales’s silver wedding.

Queen Victoria, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and attended by a small suite, is expected to travel by way of Paris, Modane, Turin, Genoa, and Pisa, to Florence. Although travelling incognito, her Majesty will be received at the station by the English Ambassador, the municipal authorities, and the members of the English colony at Florence. The Queen will proceed direct to the Villa Crawford, near Fiesole, where the preparations for her Majesty’s reception have been almost completed.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Paris from the Riviera on March 3. On Monday, March 5, he lunched at the British Embassy; the only persons who were invited to meet his Royal Highness, beyond Lord Lytton’s family and his secretaries, being the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Princess Mathilde and Madame De Galbois, M. and Madame Flourens, and Colonel Clarke and Miss Clarke. The Prince left in the evening for London. His Royal Highness utilised his two evenings in Paris by going to the Eden and Vaudeville Theatres to see “La Fille de Madame Angot” and “Les Surprises du Divorce.” Accompanied by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Prince arrived at Charing-cross Station early on the morning of March 6, by special train from Dover, and drove at once to Marlborough House. Prince Albert Victor arrived from York, and Prince George from Malta. The Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. Their Royal Highnesses and Prince Albert Victor visited the Haymarket Theatre in the evening and witnessed the performance of “Partners.”

The *Gazette* contains the following notices:—“The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold Levées at St. James’s Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Wednesday, March 7, and on Saturday, March 17, at two o’clock. The Knights of the several orders are to appear in their collars on March 17, it being St. Patrick’s Day, a collar day.”

The Austrian Emperor has conferred the rank of honorary Colonel and titular Commander of the 12th Regiment of Hussars on the Prince of Wales. The last Englishmen appointed commanders of Austrian regiments were King George IV. and the Duke of Wellington, who were nominated at the time of the coalition against the First Napoleon—a time of most intimate alliance between Austria and England.

At a recent meeting of the electing trustees of the British Museum, Professor Huxley was elected to the vacancy in the trust caused by the death of Mr. Beresford-Hope.

Colonel W. F. Harington has been selected for the command of the West Yorkshire Regiment, shortly falling vacant; and Lieutenant-General Sir J. Ross has been selected for the command of the troops in Canada.

## THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

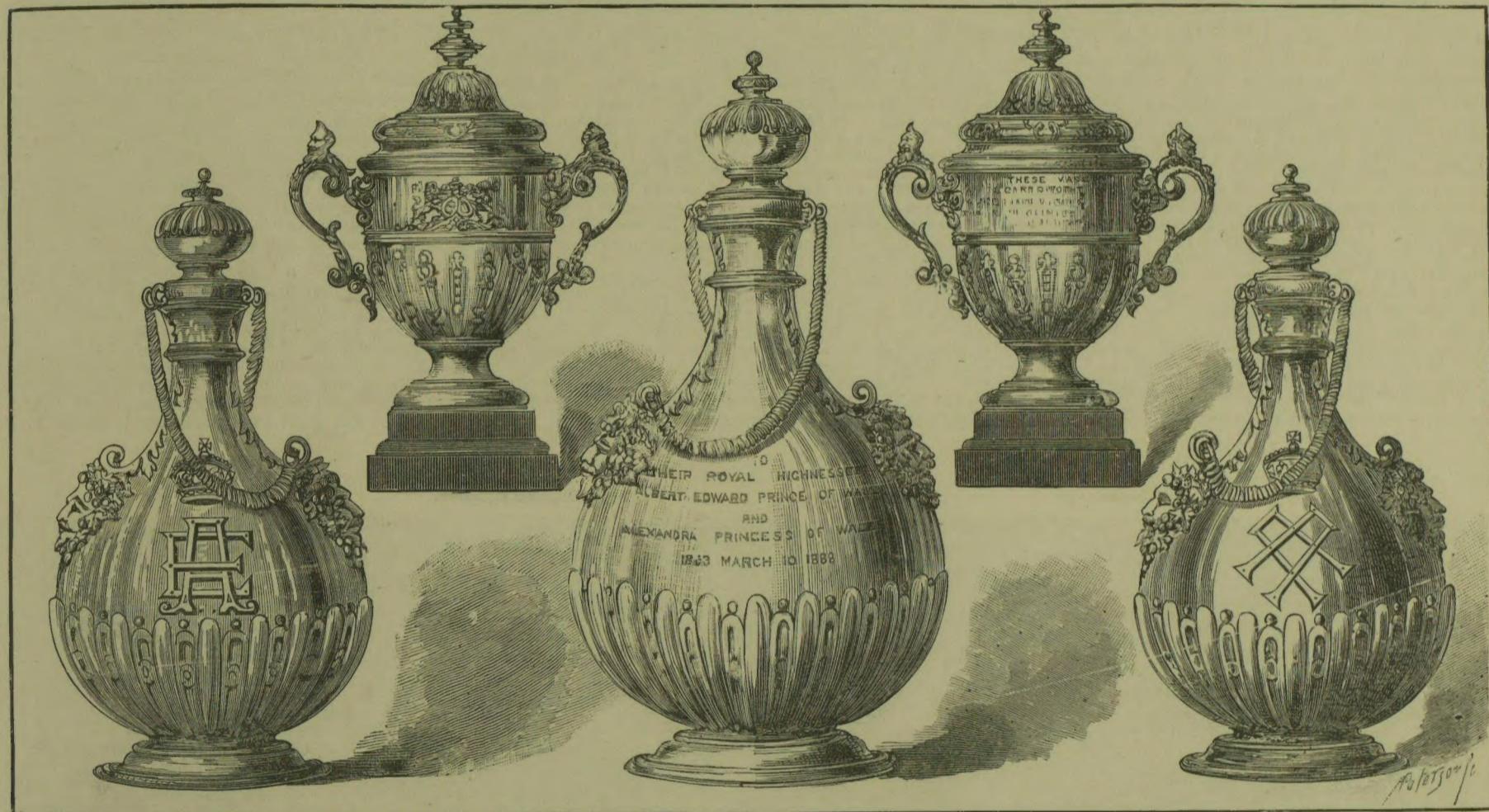
Some comments on the happy event that took place twenty-five years ago, and on the sympathy which is felt by the whole of the English people with the Royal family, in the present commemoration of that event, will be found on another page. With this week's ordinary Number of *The Illustrated London News*—our Special "Silver Wedding" Memorial publication being a separate issue—we present an Extra Supplement, consisting of a copy of the picture which was painted by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., for her Majesty the Queen, representing the Marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, on March 10, 1863, in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. The circumstances under which this picture was designed and executed have lately been told by Mr. Frith in his pleasant "Autobiography," which was reviewed not long ago in our Journal. His readers will have been pleased by his account of the kind and considerate manner in which he was treated by her Majesty, by the Prince of Wales, and by the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, who gave him sittings for their portraits, at Windsor Castle, in November, 1863; and he had similar opportunities of getting correct likenesses of the other members of the Royal family, the chief officials of the Royal household, and many distinguished persons of high rank, English and foreign, who had attended the wedding. At the beginning of his task, before it was generally known that the artist was working at the Queen's command, he had a little difficulty in obtaining permission to take the portraits of all the young ladies who had acted as bridesmaids; not that they made any objections, for he says they were "kindness itself"; but the Duchesses and Countesses, their mammas, in certain instances, did not seem very willing to allow it. Mr. Frith, of course, wanted also to see the dresses which they had worn at the Royal wedding; but "was told by several that the gowns

were already taken to pieces, or cut up into memorials of the interesting event." He had to threaten them, as before with an appeal to the Queen, through Lady Augusta Bruce (afterwards wife of Dean Stanley), who rendered him the most zealous assistance: "and, strange to say," he adds, "the destroyed dresses became miraculously whole again, and were sent to me." A magnificent robe of purple moiré antique, belonging to the Duchess of Brabant (now Queen of the Belgians), was lent only at the special intercession of Queen Victoria; and Mr. Frith was asked, on account of the alleged habits of some Belgian artists, to pledge himself neither to smoke tobacco nor drink beer in the presence of that superb garment. We believe that he took care to send back this, and all the other ladies' dresses, free from any stains of liquor or odour of the pipe or cigar. The two volumes of his autobiography are full of amusing anecdotes, which can give no offence to anybody living; and he especially speaks of our Royal family, and of that of the German Crown Prince and Princess, whose children were then very young, as the most frank, kindly, and agreeable people he had met. Little Prince William of Prussia, about seven years old, was somewhat of a "pickle"; he said, "Mr. Fiff, you are a nice man, but your whiskers"—when his mother stopped his mouth with her hand, and carried him off to the other end of the room. Another day, when the children were admitted, this young Prince got a brush and the paints, and improved the portrait of his own little face by streaking it with vermillion, bright blue, and other colours. In removing these with turpentine, Mr. Frith quite accidentally let a few drops of that caustic liquid fall upon the boy's natural face, and inflicted a little smart pain, as there was a scratch on the skin, which the child resented with fierce screaming, cuffing, and kicking. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, though a delightful lady, was considered, both by Mr. Frith the painter, and by Mr. Gibson, R.A., the sculptor, a very uneasy and difficult "sitter." When they

hinted this to her husband, she put on "a pretty smiling pout, eloquent of reproof and of half-anger," and said, "You are two bad men!" These pleasant little recollections of the artist's work may innocently be recalled in viewing his picture, the merits of which have been generally recognised. Mr. Frith had, of course, been present at the Royal Wedding, having been engaged in January of that year to paint the picture, for which he received £3000; but this undertaking obliged him to give up a contract previously made with Mr. Gambart, for three pictures of "The Streets of London" that would have brought him £10,000, as is shown by the text of their agreement. Our Engraving is published by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., of Pall-mall.

We present also, in this weekly Number, the Portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1863, from photographs then taken, belonging to the London Stereoscopic Company, and their Portraits in 1888, taken by Messrs. W. and D. Downey; an Illustration of the scene at one of their Garden-Parties at Marlborough House, drawn by our own Artist; a view at Sandringham, their country residence in Norfolk; an incident of the Scottish Highland sport of deer-stalking, pursued by his Royal Highness at Abergeldie; and that of the Princess of Wales selling flowers, the graceful trade of gracious ladies, at a certain Charity Bazaar.

The celebration, on Saturday, March 10, of the Royal Silver Wedding, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their happy marriage, takes place at Marlborough House, where their Royal Highnesses, with Prince Albert Victor, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, are joined by Prince George, on leave from his service as a naval officer on board H.M.S. Dreadnought, with the Mediterranean Squadron, and by the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark. Her Majesty the Queen dines with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Queen gives a State ball at Buckingham Palace. The event is also commemorated at the Danish Court by the King and Queen giving a grand ball at



SILVER VASES PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR SILVER WEDDING.

the Amalienborg Palace at Copenhagen. Numerous and handsome gifts have been sent to the Prince and Princess of Wales on this interesting occasion. The present members of the Queen's household, joined by those who belonged to it in 1863 and who took part in the Royal Marriage, have given a present consisting of two flagons, or "pilgrim's bottles," with two silver vases, called "strap-cups," manufactured by Messrs. Garrard, goldsmiths to the Queen. The names of fifty noblemen and gentlemen are inscribed on the larger flagon. The vases also bear a suitable inscription. The bridesmaids of the Princess of Wales present a special gift to her Royal Highness; and other ladies give a tiara of diamonds.

The Prince and Princess of Wales receive, on March 10, a presentation from the Corporation of the City of London at Marlborough House, the Lord Mayor, with a small deputation, having obtained permission to attend for that purpose, without any formal address. There has been a general disposition on the part of the municipal authorities throughout the country to congratulate the Prince of Wales in the usual official way, but their suggestions could not be entertained, and the only exceptions made have been in favour of the capital and the chief post town of Norfolk. The latter presentation will probably take place at Sandringham at Easter.

The wedding of Prince Oscar of Sweden and Miss Ebba Munck is fixed to take place at St. Stephen's Church, Bournemouth, on March 15, at half-past twelve. A portion of the church will, by consent of the Royal party, be set apart for the members of the congregation of St. Stephen's, admission being by ticket.

The *Scotsman* understands that the £6000 grant for the extension of the telegraphs in the Highlands will be expended on the following stations:—Coll and Tiree, Achiltibuie in Cromartyshire, Lochranza in Arran, Arisaig in Inverness, Durness in Sutherland, Burravoe in Shetland, Bayble, Gress, and Port Ness in Lewis.

Presiding over a conference, in connection with the fund for the unemployed of Paddington, Lord Randolph Churchill pointed to the gratifying fact that nearly all the money contributed had been expended in providing work, and contended that small funds like this, locally administered, were calculated to be of greater use than the larger efforts which were sometimes made to give relief over the whole metropolis.

## THE ITALIAN MASTERS.

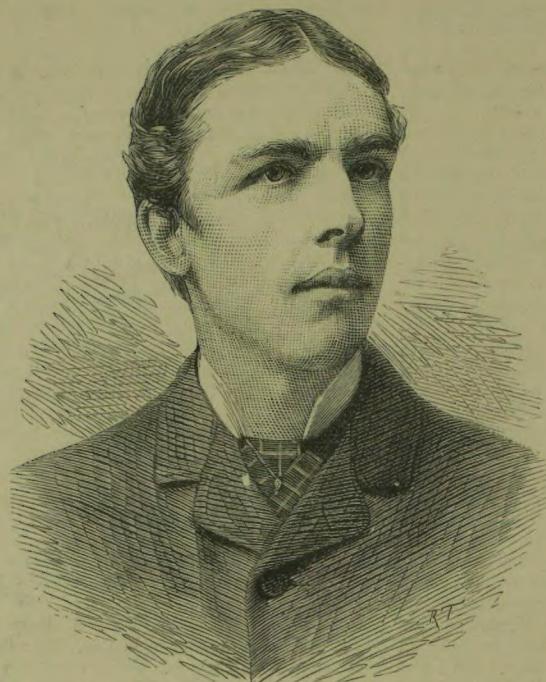
Whilst the public is still waiting for the long-delayed catalogue of the foreign schools in the National Gallery, Mr. Henry Attwell's compact little volume, *The Italian Masters* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), will serve all the purposes of the official guide. The author's aim is to convey a definite idea of the progress of painting in Italy, by linking chronologically the principal painters of each school, with special reference to the examples in our National Gallery. In its broad outlines he follows Mr. Ruskin's theory of dividing Italian painting into two schools—the Florentine, which proposed to itself the perfect expression of human emotion; and the Venetian, which proposed to itself the representation of colour and shade in all things, especially in the human figure. Mr. Attwell has succeeded in keeping these two streams of art sufficiently distinct; and by his aid we obtain a very definite view of the aims and ideals of the various painters from Giotto to Canaletto, drawing for the most part his conclusions from examples within the reach of all. With these conclusions we do not pretend to quarrel, but in his facts occasionally Mr. Attwell seems to assume as proven what still remains doubtful. For instance, he seems to assign to Giotto precedence in point of time to Cimabue—whereas we know from the lines of Dante that the latter's fame was eclipsed during his lifetime by that of his contemporary rival and pupil. Mr. Attwell, it is true, gives the reason of his preference, which is valid so far as the specimen of Cimabue's work in our National Gallery; but the walls of the church at Assisi testify to a higher range of power. A less pardonable indiscretion, however, is the author's reference to "richness" of the Dresden Gallery in works of Correggio. It certainly contains one important work, the "St. Francis"; but we are at a loss to understand how an author of the present day can include among Correggio's work the "Reading Magdalen," which, if not painted by Adrian Van Der Werff or some brother Netherlander, in all probability issued from Bologna, which in the seventeenth century had become a sort of manufactory of penitent Magdalens. Similarly, one would scarcely regard Palma Vecchio's badly restored "Three Sisters" as the most typical work by that master in the Dresden Gallery, which possesses the exquisite "Holy Family" and "St. Catherine," and the "Venus." Mr. Attwell's little book is, nevertheless, full of

much useful—as well as painful—information; for it brings before our eyes the shortcomings of our National Collection as well as its glories. Of Ghirlandajo, of Gentile da Fabriano (known to his contemporaries as *Magister Magistrorum*), of Carpaccio (?), and of Fra Bartolommeo we do not possess a single example.

The first annual meeting of the Poor Children's Aid Society took place on March 3 at the offices of the London School Board. The Rev. J. R. Diggle, presided, and among those who took part in the proceedings were Sir W. Hart-Dyke, M.P., and Sir R. Temple, M.P. It was stated that the society has already 165 centres in London, and has provided 146,967 meals and 5276 garments, besides doing other work, including the introduction of the sabot among the poor children of London.

The monument and tombstone commemorative of the late Sir Bartle Frere, which have been erected in the crypt, St. Paul's Cathedral, and which are independent of the public memorial in honour of the distinguished public servant, were on March 3 unveiled and formally consigned to the perpetual guardianship of the Cathedral authorities by the late Sir Bartle's cousin, the Bishop of Salisbury, on behalf of Lady Frere, the family, and kinsmen of the late lamented Baronet. The memorial, which is of great beauty, stands just to the west of the Nelson Chapel, in the body of the crypt.

At a meeting of the Victoria Institute, held on March 5, the Lord Chancellor and several others were elected members. The first paper was by the Rev. F. A. Walker, D.D., F.L.S., on "The Entomology of Southern Asia," and specially bore on the migration of butterflies, &c. In the discussion which followed, Captain F. Petrie, the honorary secretary, mentioned the sudden appearance of a new variety of butterfly—well known in Scotland—in Killarney; the late Prince Albert, on his visit there, with that quickness of observation so characteristic of the Royal family, noticed it at once, and remarked to a friend residing there that he had not expected to find it at Killarney, and found he was addressing the entomological student that had introduced the variety! A second paper, a photographically-illustrated report of the human footprints on rock in Nicaragua, was then read, the circumstances under which they were found in volcanic tuff rendered it impossible to fix any definite age to these.



MR. C. J. DARLING, Q.C.,  
M.P. FOR DEPTFORD.



HON. W. H. WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM,  
M.P. FOR DONCASTER DIVISION OF SOUTH-WEST YORKSHIRE.

#### NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

The contest for the representation of Deptford has secured the seat for Mr. Charles John Darling, Q.C., who polled 4345 votes against 4070 given to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Darling, of Langham Hall, near Dedham, Essex, and was born in December, 1849. He was educated privately, and was entered, in February, 1871, as a student at the Inner Temple, where he was called to the Bar in January, 1874, and joined the Oxford Circuit. He was appointed one of the Queen's Counsel in November, 1885. He contested the Southern Division of Hackney at the General Election of 1885, and again at that of 1886, but was defeated by Sir Charles Russell; in 1886 he polled only a hundred below Sir Charles Russell. He is author of some clever writings, "Meditations in the Tea-Room" and "Scintilla Juris," and of many pieces of verse and articles in the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Darling married, in 1885, a daughter of Major-General Wilberforce Greathed, C.B., grand-daughter of Mrs. Archer Clive, the authoress of "Paul Ferrol."

The Hon. William Henry Wentworth Fitzwilliam, the newly elected member for the Doncaster division of South-West Yorkshire, is the second but eldest surviving son of Earl and

Countess Fitzwilliam. He was born on Dec. 26, 1840, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In July, 1877, he married Lady Mary Butler, sister of the present Marquis of Ormonde. In 1865, Mr. Henry Fitzwilliam was appointed private secretary to Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, then commander of her Majesty's forces in Ireland. He held that appointment until he was returned to Parliament for the first time, in 1868, for the county of Wicklow. He continued to represent that constituency until the Parliament was dissolved in 1874. At the General Election which followed he was defeated, in consequence of his opposition to the Home Rule movement in its earlier stages. He was again returned, in 1880, as member for the Southern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire; which seat he continued to hold until the constituency was sub-divided by the Reform Bill of 1885. In consequence of ill-health he did not seek re-election in 1885, which year he spent abroad in Egypt. In July, 1886, at the request of the Unionist Party, he contested the Doncaster division, where he has now won the seat. He is at present one of the stewards of the Jockey Club.

The Duke of Buccleuch has granted his Annandale tenants 10 per cent abatement in their rents.

#### THE WASHINGTON FISHERY CONFERENCE.

The recent termination of the protracted negotiations at Washington on the long-standing fishery disputes between the United States and Canada, which Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in bringing to such an equitable settlement, affords a favourable opportunity for presenting to our readers portraits of the Plenipotentiaries on both sides and the leading members of their staff. Among these personages, we first notice the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville West, K.C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States; there were two Foreign Office gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Chamberlain from England to America—namely, Mr. J. H. G. Bergne, C.M.G., Superintendent of the Treaty Department, and Mr. Willoughby Maycock, of the Commercial Department. These two gentlemen acted respectively as Secretary and Assistant-Secretary to the British Plenipotentiaries in the Conference. The other personages represented in our Illustration of this Conference are the three American Plenipotentiaries—namely, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, Secretary of State to the Federal Government of the United States; Mr. W. Le B. Putnam, and Dr. J. B. Angell, the second and third Plenipotentiaries; Mr. J. B. Moore,

MR. J. B. MOORE.

DR. J. B. ANGELL.

HON. SIR C. TUPPER.

MR. J. H. G. BERGNE.



HON. SIR LIONEL SACKVILLE WEST,  
British Minister.

MR. W. LE B. PUTNAM,  
Second American Plenipotentiary.

HON. T. F. BAYARD,  
American Secretary of State.

RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,  
Chief British Plenipotentiary.



DÉPÔT FOR RUSSIAN RECRUITS AT THE PRAGA SUBURB OF WARSAW.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. RIEDEL.



AUSTRIAN TROOPS PRACTISING FORTIFICATION WITH SNOW.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN AUSTRIAN MILITARY OFFICER.

Protector of their service; and the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, G.C.M.G., C.B., of Nova Scotia, Canadian Minister of Finance, acting as third British Plenipotentiary. The portraits are copied from a photograph taken by Mr. Rice, of Washington.

The treaty now awaits its ratification by the United States' Senate, in which it is likely to encounter some opposition. Mr. Chamberlain left New York for England on Saturday, March 3, after being entertained, the evening before, by the Canadian Club at New York, where he made a speech acknowledging the courtesy and hospitality with which he had been treated by the Americans, and explaining the advantages gained on both sides by the stipulations of the treaty. Mr. Chamberlain's official report has been published in the form of a despatch to Lord Salisbury, dated Washington, Feb. 16. He states that the treaty provides for the full concession of all commercial facilities to fishing-vessels of the United States whenever and so long as the products of Canadian fisheries are admitted into the United States. In the absence of such an arrangement the treaty establishes the future position of the respective parties and defines their rights. The plenipotentiaries have exchanged protocols on the subject of a *modus vivendi* for a period of two years, to allow ample time for consideration by the Senate of the United States and by the Legislatures of Canada and Newfoundland.

#### ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT.

Our correspondents in Poland continue to furnish sketches of the Russian military preparations in that country, which have assumed such threatening proportions, and which have, during the severe winter, occasioned great sufferings and heavy losses both of men and horses, among the large numbers of troops insufficiently provided with shelter, fuel, and the necessities of life. Much sympathy for the Polish recruits is naturally felt at Warsaw; and the dépôt for their reception, in the Prague suburb of that city, is daily beset with crowds of people, friends of the young soldiers, waiting at the gates for an opportunity to deliver gifts of warm clothing, articles of food, or other comforts, which may be useful to them in the campaign that has lately been expected. This scene is represented in the sketch by M. Riedel, engraved for our journal. It is very cold at Warsaw in winter, the mean temperature in January being there 14 deg. lower than in London. Our view of the city, in M. Riedel's sketch, looks across the river Vistula, which is here crossed by a wooden pontoon bridge 1570 ft. long, to the rising ground, covered with buildings, on the left bank of the river. Warsaw, with its suburbs, is inclosed by a rampart and fosse, and defended by a huge Russian fortress. It was the capital of the former Kingdom of Poland, from the latter part of the sixteenth century, before which Cracow had been the capital, until 1795, the date of the final overthrow of that Kingdom and its partition between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The city has a population of 300,000, and a considerable trade.

We are indebted to an Austrian military correspondent for the sketch of a scene near Vienna, which may remind some readers of the anecdote of Napoleon Bonaparte's youthful amusements, when he was a cadet at the French Military College of Brienne, and used in winter to teach his boyish comrades to build forts of snow, and to engage in their attack and defence. The Vienna municipal authorities, when there has been a heavy snow-fall, lose no time in getting all the snow massed in heaps at the sides of the streets, leaving the centre of the roadways clear for sledges and vehicles of all kinds. In open country, near any place where troops of the Austrian Army are quartered, the commanding officers turn the snow to good account, as material for military exercises; and hundreds of soldiers are quickly set to work, erecting redoubts in the fields, under the direction of the engineers, which must be excellent practice for the construction of earthworks. There is no reason why the same practice should not be afforded to British soldiers at Aldershot, and we doubt not that the men would enjoy it; a Volunteer corps, indeed, might well have a winter field-day, employed in the same interesting task of healthy and invigorating labour, and receiving useful practical instruction. The spade is hardly less needful than the rifle as an instrument of modern warfare; and it is important that all infantry troops should learn to handle this implement, under the orders of officers acquainted with scientific field-fortification, to secure the utmost rapidity and accuracy in erecting temporary defences, whenever an enemy is at hand.

#### ART MAGAZINES.

The *Art Journal* for the current month opens with an excellent article on J. S. Sargent, illustrated with engravings from the pictures of that clever painter, and the frontispiece is a photograph of his "Carnation, Lily—Lily, Rose" purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. "Notes on Japan and its Art Wares," continued from last month, explaining many of the myths we find represented in all Japanese art work, is very interesting; and the paper on "Our German Competitors" in industrial art carries us to a very different field of artistic enterprise. Among other articles, that on "Landscape in America," by Mary G. Humphreys, and on "The Nun's Town by the Water," by Emily Swinerton, form an interesting part of the magazine.

The *Magazine of Art* is this month more than usually interesting. The paper by Mr. Walter Crane on the "Language of Line," with its eight beautiful illustrations by the author, would alone make the number an attractive one, and is a valuable lesson in decorative art. Mr. J. Penderel-Brodrust contributes the second of his delightful articles on the "Forest of Fontainebleau in Winter," illustrated by Mr. A. Lepère; and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, an account of the City Art Gallery of Manchester, with engravings of some of the best-known pictures, among which is Mr. Ford Madox Brown's celebrated "Work." Besides a notice of "A Century of English Art" at the Grosvenor Gallery, are papers on Benvenuto Cellini by Mr. Peter Macnab, and "The Mythical Portraits of the First Napoleon," by Mr. Richard Heath. The frontispiece is a beautiful photograph of Mr. Luke Fildes' fine picture, "Venetians."

The annual report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting has been issued. It shows that the total number who joined the Regular Army during 1887 was 31,225; but although this number fell short of the number raised in 1886 by 814, yet as many men were raised as were required, the numbers voted by Parliament having been fully maintained during the last six months of the year. Of the numbers who enlisted 1543 were for long service and 29,682 for short service.

Through the munificence of an old Oxford man the debt upon Oxford House, Bethnal-green (which was opened on Feb. 18 by the Archbishop of Canterbury), has been paid off. The promoters of this mission at the East-End now feel that the provision of an organ for their large hall is a matter of paramount importance. As the hall can seat about 1000 persons, the expense of an organ will hardly be less than £500, for which Mr. H. Hensley Henson, resident head of the house, appeals for contributions.

We have previously drawn attention to the promised reappearance of the young American lady with the pseudonym

#### MUSIC.

As already briefly stated last week, "Judith," an oratorio composed by Dr. Jacob Bradford, was performed at St. James's Hall, in aid of the chapel and organ fund of the Royal Naval School. The work consists of two parts, the supposed action relating to the invasion of Judea by the Assyrians, the journey of Judith to their camp, her assassination of Holofernes, and the overthrow of the Assyrians by the Israelites. The music consists of a series of solo pieces for the several characters supposed to be represented, and choral movements for Assyrian soldiers and Israelites. The work is on an extensive scale, its two parts comprising a long series of movements. The solo vocalists on the occasion now referred to were Misses Anna Williams and Hope Glenn, and Messrs. B. Lane (vice Mr. C. Banks), L. Fryer, F. King, and Brereton. Some of the pieces were omitted in the London performance, which was still much too long. Of the music generally it may be said that the choral writing is mostly that which produced the greatest effect, especially those portions which are of a Psalmodic or hymn-like character; a few instances, however, having manifested some signs of dramatic power, such as the chorus of Israelites, "Some trust in chariots," and the double chorus, "Then will the Lord." The march of the Israelitish warriors also proved effective, as did the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy," and the choral evening hymn and instrumental introduction to the second part of the oratorio. Neither the principal soprano or contralto has much prominence in the first part, and but little more in the shorter second part. The solo vocalists already named did their best with music that does not give much opportunity for effect; and the choral and orchestral details were, with some exceptions, fairly well rendered; the writing in the latter respect not evidencing much experience in the art of scoring. Indeed the oratorio altogether is an ambitious attempt on the part of a young composer who has not previously given proofs of special capacities for so high a flight. We believe it was an exercise for his doctor's degree, which purpose it may have fairly served; but it was scarcely called for apart from that object.

The second concert of the present season of the Bach Choir, already briefly referred to, included two especially interesting features—the music of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and a soprano solo and chorus by Beethoven which has only recently been published. Purcell's opera was produced when he was little more than twenty years old; his premature death in 1695 (at the age of about thirty-seven), and the multitude and the importance of the works produced by him during his brief career, having constituted him the most remarkable, as well as the greatest, genius belonging to the history of English music. His career offers some points of resemblance to those of Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, and, in another art, to that of Raffaelle. Had Purcell lived at a later period, when the resources of musical expression were more extended, he would possibly, in some degree, have anticipated Mozart. Even in his "Dido and Aeneas" there are signs of this, still more in his subsequent "King Arthur"; his versatility being amply proved in his sublime Church music and his many secular chamber compositions. The performance of his early opera now referred to came after some years of public neglect, and was therefore especially interesting. The solo soprano music, especially Dido's pathetic air "When I am laid in earth," was excellently sung by Miss Anna Williams; the other principal solo music having been efficiently rendered by Miss Thudichum and Mr. B. Lane, as were subordinate passages by Misses Clark and Russell and Messrs. Thorndike and Kilby. Beethoven's music, above specified, belongs, together with the noble overture well known in concert-performance—to "Weihe des Hauses," an occasional piece produced for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre, Vienna, in 1822. The vocal music is not of the composer's strongest; but the chorus is clear and tuneful, and the solo bright and spirited. This was effectively sung by Miss Thudichum. A special feature of the concert now referred to was the first appearance in England of Fräulein Marie Soldat, a young violinist of exceptional excellence, who played Brahms's concerto. In tone, style, and skill she is a worthy pupil of Dr. Joachim. Dr. Stanford's impressive "Elegiac Ode" completed the programme. The gentleman just named conducted the performances, the choral and orchestral details of which were excellently rendered. There was some apparent anomaly in a Bach choir concert without a simple piece by Bach, but this will be atoned for by the next performance (on May 12) being entirely appropriated to his mass in B minor.

The reappearance of Madame Schumann at St. James's Hall—at the Popular Concert of Monday evening, Feb. 27—has already been recorded. Her second appearance took place at the Saturday afternoon concert of March 3, when she performed her late husband's "Etudes symphoniques" with the same combination of grandeur and delicacy as on many former occasions. Madame Norman-Néruda led a fine performance of Schubert's string quintet in C; and Miss B. Moore rendered vocal pieces with much charm. At the evening concert of the following Monday, Madame Schumann played a selection of harpsichord pieces by Scarlatti, and was associated with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in Robert Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" for piano, violin, and violoncello. The same composer's song, "The Two Grenadiers," and Loewe's "Erl-King," were effectively declaimed by Mr. Henschel.

The second season of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, terminated on Tuesday evening, March 6, with the sixteenth performance of the series. The programme opened with the fifth and latest of Mr. Cowen's orchestral symphonies. The work, which is still in manuscript, was produced by the Cambridge University Society in June last year, and was soon afterwards performed at one of the Richter concerts in London. Its merits having been already commented on, there is no occasion for fresh remark. It was conducted by the composer, and was again favourably received. The remainder of the concert consisted of more or less familiar items—Liszt's "Tasso" (one of the "Symphonic Poems"), Siegfried's "Death March" from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," and the "Ride of the Walkyries" from the same composer's "Die Walküre." The London Symphony Concerts have met with a continually increasing success, that bids fair to ensure their permanent establishment. The third series will consist of ten evening concerts, beginning on Nov. 20; and there will be two afternoon concerts, on Wednesdays, Dec. 19 and Feb. 27. The prices of subscription will be reduced, both for the series and for single concerts.

The twenty-second season of Mr. John Boosey's attractive London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall will close on Wednesday afternoon, March 14. The last evening concert of the series (on March 7) offered a programme comprising a well-contrasted selection of vocal pieces contributed by well-known artists, who have long been favourites at these performances. The announcements included also violin solos by Madame Norman-Néruda, and performances by the well-trained choir associated with these concerts under the direction of Mr. Josiah Booth.

We have previously drawn attention to the promised reappearance of the young American lady with the pseudonym

of Nikita. This took place at Mr. W. Carter's concert in celebration of St. David's Day at the Royal Albert Hall. There is no occasion again to relate the romantic story told of the so-called Nikita captured by savages, her kind treatment, and ultimate release by her captors. Her vocal powers are sufficient to win esteem without fictitious aid. On the evening now referred to she sang with marked success in Mozart's "Deh, Vieni," Balfe's ballad "I dreamt that I dwelt," Eckert's "Echo Song," and "Home, Sweet Home." The lady has gained in power since her appearances last year at Her Majesty's Theatre. The concert now referred to comprised effective performances by other popular artists, including pieces of a national character appropriate to the occasion.

Herr Joachim appeared at the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of March 3, and played, with his accustomed success, Brahms's elaborate and rather dry violin concerto; and, with his worthy pupil, Miss G. Morgan, Bach's concerto for two violins. Miss L. Lehmann was the vocalist of the day.

Mr. C. Wade's Chamber Concert (the third of the present series) at Prince's Hall, took place on the evening of March 6, with a well-selected programme of vocal and instrumental music, comprising performances by the Shinner string-quartet party, and vocal pieces assigned to Miss M. Morgan, Mr. W. Shakespeare, and Mr. C. Wade.

Mr. H. J. Leslie announced a second series of music afternoons by members of the "Dorothy" company, beginning on March 7, when a varied programme was prepared, including Mr. Alfred Cellier's setting of Gray's "Elegy," and other interesting features.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society announced Verdi's "Requiem" for performance on March 8, this being the last concert but two of the seventeenth season.

Herr Schrattenholz, and his sons Ernest and Leo, announced the first of two pianoforte, violin, and violoncello recitals at Steinway Hall on March 8.

The last but one of the present series of Novello's oratorio concerts at St. James's Hall is to take place on Tuesday evening, March 13, when Dr. Mackenzie's cantata, "The Rose of Sharon," will be performed, conducted by the composer.

Next week—on March 15—that time-honoured institution, the Philharmonic Society, will enter on its seventy-sixth season with the first of seven concerts at St. James's Hall. We have already drawn attention to the leading features of the forthcoming performances, which promise to be of special interest; an important opening being made by Madame Schumann's appearance at the first concert, at which the great pianist will play Chopin's concerto in F minor, according to his original text.

St. Patrick's Day is to be celebrated by an evening concert at St. James's Hall on March 17, when a selection of popular Irish songs and ballads will be rendered by eminent vocalists; a band of harps being a feature in the programme. The occasion includes the second appearance this season of Nikita.

Madame Julia Gaylord's change from a prima donna in opera to a leading actress in drama is reported to have been a great success at Leicester. The accomplished artist, in her performance in the play "Lily," produced there, introduced some songs in which her vocal excellence was incidentally manifested; one, entitled "Memories"—composed for her by Mr. Goring Thomas—was enthusiastically received.

It is gratifying to hear that the proposed scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, in memory of the former Principal, the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, is already meeting with support, nearly £1300 being promised. It is to be trusted that this amount will soon be augmented sufficiently to admit of the scheme being fully and worthily carried out. Subscriptions are received by the hon. treasurer, Mr. A. H. Littleton, 1, Berners-street, W.; and by the hon. secretaries, Mr. C. E. Stephens, 37, Howley-place, W., and Mr. J. P. Baker, Wittersley House, Wellington-road, Old Charlton, Kent.

We have already drawn attention to the testimonial to Madame Marie Roze, promoted by her admirers at Liverpool, where it was presented to her in the shape of a diamond tiara, on March 2 (her birthday), with a suitable address, by Lord Lathom.

The office of conductor of the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music—so efficiently filled by Mr. Barnby, and recently relinquished by him—has been accepted by Dr. Mackenzie, the newly-appointed principal of the Academy.

The death is announced of Mr. Henry Corri, a meritorious vocalist and actor, who was long associated with English opera during the Pyne and Harrison periods. In the course of his career he sustained nearly one hundred parts.

The Oxford and the Cambridge crews are both practising on the Thames, preparing for their coming contest.

A new line of railway between Brockenhurst and Christchurch, reducing the travelling distance between London and Bournemouth by eight miles, has been opened.

The Duke of Cambridge, with Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, and other officers of the Staff, visited Aldershot on March 5, and made a special inspection of the new Mounted Infantry Corps. Afterwards the Duke witnessed the manoeuvres of the corps in the Long Valley.

In the House of Commons on March 5 the London Street Tramways Bill was found to have complied with the Standing Orders. The Bill empowers the constructions of lines about five miles in length in the Euston and Marylebone roads, Archway-road, the High North-road, Hornsey, and in Farringdon-road, the capital powers being £176,000 in shares and £19,000 by loan.

Mr. Frederick Burgess's twenty-third annual musical and dramatic fête was celebrated at St. James's Great Hall on Thursday. There was a performance in the afternoon and another in the evening. For each representation a new and attractive programme was issued, and many artists of distinction from the principal West-End theatres gave their services.

Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, presided at the inaugural meeting of the North-West London School of Art and Science, at the International College, Finchley New-road. He is the president of the school, which is in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. Mr. James Haysman is the principal, and the school will be under the management of a committee of gentlemen.

The statistics issued by the Board of Trade show that in February 11,059 emigrants of British origin left our shores, of whom 7155 went to the United States, 678 to British North America, and 1946 to Australasia, the total being 1263 less than the number that left in February, 1887. During the two months just passed the total number of British emigrants was 19,084, as compared with 21,080 in the first two months of 1887. During the same period there was an increase of foreign emigrants leaving English ports to the extent of 2236, so that the total number of emigrants, British and foreign, has been 53 above the number of last year.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

It may be interesting to give the diary of a dramatic critic for a single week in this year of grace 1888, when theatres are springing up on all sides like mushrooms, when music-halls are flourishing, and players are receiving the incomes of Prime Ministers. On Monday, early in the afternoon, to see M. Philippoteaux's new and splendid panorama of "The Falls of Niagara" that Mr. John Hollingshead has constructed down in Westminster: a still Niagara, a Niagara without a roar of rushing waters, but a very beautiful picture for all that. In the afternoon to study old newspapers and to refresh the memory with some details in connection with Octave Feuillet's "Chamillac"; and in the evening to the little Royalty, to see Coquelin in one of his best characters, and to congratulate the management on having secured the services of Mlle. Stuart, a charming little actress, once known to fame as Bertha Girardin, who has recently married an Anglo-Frenchman who is a great favourite in Paris. But that was not nearly all for one day's labour at the play. Was not Sanger's Theatre, in the Westminster Bridge-road, to be opened under the spirited direction of Mr. Morris Abrahams, of Pavilion fame? and had not Mr. Sutton sent out invitations to bid us all to the Alhambra, to sit out a new and revised programme, with fresh singers, and additional dancers? Total:—Four novelties in one day!

Tuesday comes with a new society-drama by that pretty and favourite actress Miss Henrietta Lindley, once on the old Haymarket staff in the days of Buckstone and Sothern, and Chippendale and Howe, and Nelly Fitzwilliam and Louise Angel. *Ah! mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter annos.* The play is called "The Power of Love"—there was once a lovely song of that title warbled, if we mistake not, by Louise Pyne in Balfé's "Satanella"—and it is founded on a clever novel by Mrs. Panton, "A Tangled Chain." There will be no squabbling about novelists' rights this time, because Mrs. Panton—a daughter of the good old veteran, W. P. Frith, R.A.—did not care to dramatise her book, and Miss Lindley read her play to the authoress, and they were mutually satisfied, and embraced one another in all good feeling and fellowship. Five entertainments in two days! Wednesday arises "stormy and pale," with a double dose of critical duty. In the morning to the Haymarket, where Mr. Beerbohm Tree has got up a benefit for "The House of Shelter," and where all society assembles to welcome back Mrs. Bancroft as Lady Franklin, to see Mr. Tree play Iago, and Mr. Terriss Othello, to congratulate Mr. Godfrey on his new version of a little play that has been intertwined and readapted who shall say how many times or in how many languages?—to laugh at Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil, and to enjoy the Puff of Charles Wyndham directing a merry band of players. But away again, released from Haymarket duties, at six o'clock, to dress and dine and be punctually present at Toole's Theatre to see the long-promised "Don," by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale. Total up to the moment:—Seven new entertainments in three days!

Thursday arrives, and with it the hardest task of all. Managers have been scared out of Saturday night plays; they fear the wreckage of early-closing youths and shopboys with their wages in their pockets; they imagine that a long afternoon at the restaurant bar does not conduce to a calm consideration of such a difficult work as Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," dramatised by Robert Buchanan. So Thursday morning is chosen for a première instead of Saturday night, and the stall has to be occupied at the Vaudeville at two instead of at eight. Four solid working hours are consequently taken away, and the brain-wearied critic finds himself in the Strand at six o'clock, exhausted and weary, his head full of Hogarth and the Georgian era, only to rush off, again dinnerless, to dress and be in time at the Olympic for a Russian play called "Christina," by Percy Lynwood and Mark Ambient. Up to Thursday evening the sum total is nine plays, all entertainments of the first class, and the week not nearly exhausted; and even then no attention has been paid to Mr. Burgess's benefit at the St. James's Hall, that takes place morning and night on Thursday, and no opportunity of looking in to see the 150th night of the "Bells of Haslemere," at the Adelphi, which would mount the total to eleven events of public interest in four days. We hear of factory Acts and early-closing associations, of protection for the shop-girl and the counter-jumper; we read of trades-unions that will not permit their members to work for more than a given amount of hours a week. For how many hours a week, think you, that the journalist works? When does he get his early closing or his ideal holiday; for in this little diary it has not been recorded that the work is not over when the curtain falls at eleven o'clock or midnight, as the case may be, but the work begins when the rest of the world is asleep, and the tired slave does not drag home wearily to bed until the Strand clocks are chiming two or three in the morning, to find at home a huge pile of letters that have arrived by successive posts, the writers of which invariably complain of incivility, and wonder why their letters are never answered!

Change of scene, the excitement of travel, and the exhilaration of success have worked wonders with Mr. Charles Wyndham, who returns from Berlin and St. Petersburg, Leignitz and Moscow, in the best possible health and spirits, and determined to play David Garrick better than he ever did before. In this he admirably succeeded. He had by his side, for Ada Ingots, the pretty and sweet-voiced Mary Moore, who has shared his Continental triumphs, and those excellent actors George Gidens and David James supported their chief with assistance that could be with great difficulty matched. The Old Ingots of David James is now one of the most sterling examples of rich and mellow comedy-acting to be found in all London. If Mr. Wyndham is the champagne brut of the Criterion, Mr. David James is certainly the fine old tawny port. It is of so fine a colour, so light, and so wholesome that the audience beam with delight just as we have seen the faces of Dons shine with good nature, and content, when the bottle is passed round in the senior common-room after dinner in the college-hall. There is no better acting to be seen in London than over the Criterion David Garrick, and it is almost a pity that more pains were not taken with the furniture and decorations. There is a very Tottenham-court-road air about the *mise-en-scène*. We should have preferred a gleam of Wardour-street. And Old Ingots, who so thoroughly recalls the citizen of Garrick's day, ought to be surrounded with appropriate furniture and pictures.

One word, in conclusion, about Miss Henrietta Lindley's "society drama," that was produced before an astonished audience on Tuesday afternoon. When will authoresses understand that plays cannot interest when their heroines are hateful and their heroes foolish? Let us reduce it quickly to an absurdity. The theme is "The Power of Love." The solution is that love will forgive the most baneful moral delinquency. A young girl, brought up in ignorance of right and wrong, the child of a cantankerous atheist; the offspring of a mad mother; alone, neglected, and eating out such heart as she ever possessed, coolly, deliberately, and with such reasoning power as she possesses, murders her father. She knows that her father's death will release her from a life of misery; that she will inherit all his fortune;

that she will be able to go henceforth to balls and parties; and that she will be her own mistress and no longer a slave. So she goes to the medicine-chest and deliberately annihilates the author of her being, satisfying her conscience with the reflection that her father must die sooner or later, and the quicker he expires the better for her. She is a heartless minx: the worst kind of murderer; for she is seen flaunting about in society long before the grass has grown upon her father's grave. In society she meets one of the fashionable prigs beloved by the female novelist; a man who does not dance, but preaches mawkish philanthropy; a compound of the dreadful parson in the "New Magdalen" and a feeble echo of Mr. Besant's hero in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The silent murderer and the Whitechapel preacher love one another, and the murderer cannot face the marriage service without confessing her crime to her adored one. So she kneels at his feet and declares how she murdered her father, with a devotion worthy of Constance Kent. Her lover, to do him justice, is shocked at this monstrous avowal; but when suddenly he is confronted with evidence that his murderer bride was guilty only in intention and not in act, that her poison was flung away, and that the objectionable father was hurried to his doom by a drunken doctor, immediately the wily murderer poses as an injured innocent, and the athletic philanthropist of Whitechapel clasps to his heart an innocent and injured woman! This is the *reductio ad absurdum*. This is precisely how the story of "The Power of Love" appeals to the general public as presented on the stage; but we feel quite sure that neither Mrs. Panton nor Miss Lindley wished to convey anything of the kind. It is beyond the bounds of reason that anyone should desire, either in novel or on the stage, to canonise murderesses or to desire to enlist sympathy for a girl who has committed the one sin that, if condoned by society, would render society unsafe. To throw a halo of sanctity over a mad murderer is to shake society to its very foundation. The moral of this strange play is this: murder your objectionable father, but don't be found out. If by some marvellous accident the doctor kills his patient before you have time to do so you may shake out your feathers and pride yourself on your unstained morality. At any rate, your Whitechapel hero will wail over your misfortune, and elect to marry you without the least compunction. We were told the other day that an audience cares no longer for the "moral purpose of a play." But the audience that sat out "A Power of Love" did not sympathise with the mad murderer, or admire the condoning companion who discovered that the power of love could atone for cold-blooded crime. If Miss Annie Rose had acted the heroine as well as she understood her, if Miss Lindley could have persuaded us there was anything whatever to admire in a heartless *blasé* woman who is vicious when she is poor and virtuous when she is enriched by the death of the man she has deceived, if Mr. Gould could persuade us that there is any excellence in a man who forgives a crime that is merely in intention and not in act, the play would still fail, because we maintain that the modern plan of running counter to human sympathy is radically wrong. The only interesting people in the play were the boy and girl lovers, played by Miss Maude Millett and Mr. Frank Rodney, because they were natural and wholesome. Pictures of diseased society and deformed human nature will never be really attractive. We pay our penny at the fair to gaze on monsters—the fat lady, the sallow-faced dwarf, and the consumptive man who swallows a poker. But we do not really like them. We shudder and pass on.

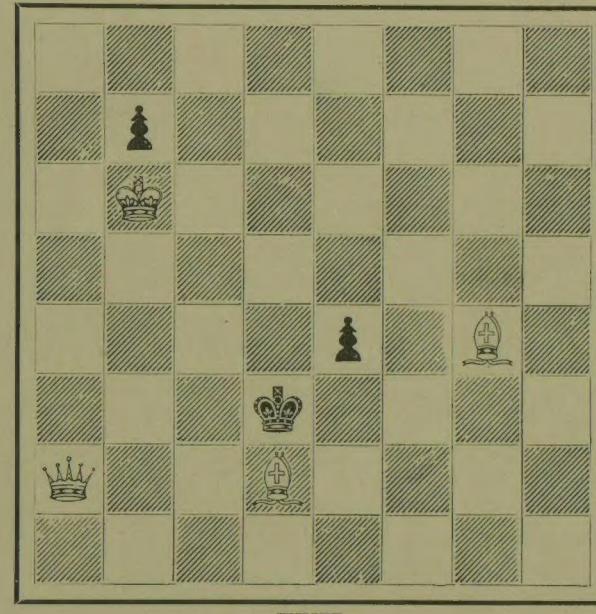
## CHESS.

The Answers to Correspondents are deferred for a week.

PROBLEM NO. 2292.

By G. HEATHCOTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Game played in a tournament at the Bath Chess Club between Mr. POLLOCK and an AMATEUR, Mr. Pollock giving the odds of Q Kt.

(Remove White's Q Kt.—Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Amateur)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Amateur)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14.	P takes B
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	15. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. P to K B 5th	Kt to R 3rd
4. K B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. P takes Kt	R takes R (ch)
5. Castles	K Kt to K 2nd	18. R takes R	P takes P
P to Q 3rd or Kt to B 3rd is preferable.		19. Q takes P	Quite as strong as Q to K 5th.
6. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K 4th	19.	Q to K 2nd
7. Q to K 5th	Kt to Kt 3rd	20. R to B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
If P to Kt 3rd, 8. Q to R 6th Kt takes B, 9. Q to K 7th R to B sq, 10. Kt takes R P, and White has a strong attack.		21. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 4th
8. Kt takes B P	Kt takes Kt	22. B takes Kt	B to Q 2nd
9. Q takes B	P to Q 3rd		Obviously he would be mated if he took the Knight.
10. Q takes P	Castles	23. B to B 3rd	Decisive; B to Q 6th only wins a Pawn, leaving chances of a draw.
11. P to B 4th	Kt to K 2nd	23.	B to K sq
Too much retreat. Q to B 3rd seems the natural move, and would lead to interesting play.		24. Q to Kt 3rd	To prevent White playing R to R 4th at once.
12. B to Q 2nd	P to B 4th	25. B takes P	R to Q sq
13. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	26. Q takes B	B to Kt 3rd
14. B to B 3rd		27. K to R 2nd, and Black resigns.	R to Q 8th (ch)
This is not so sound as P takes P, but it yields a strong attack.			

On the floor of an old chamber in the Guildhall, Stratford-on-Avon, which had been blocked up for many years, and has just been opened, some thousands of documents have been found bearing various dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Anne.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 6.

Everybody is uneasy and dissatisfied in France; it is becoming more and more the fashion to decry parliamentary government, which has produced terrible Budgets, administrative confusion, judicial scandals, squandering of favours, and hopeless divisions; there is no longer any talk about the so-called necessary liberties. On the contrary, liberty of the press, liberty of meeting, and liberty of discussion seem to be resulting in sheer fatigue on the part of the public; a proposition has even been made in the Chamber of Deputies to allow no orator to speak more than half-an-hour. And in spite of this, and although the Deputies hold two sittings a day, it is impossible to foresee the end of the discussion of the Budget, which goes on week after week accompanied by a great flux of words. The present Opportunist, upper middle-class or *bourgeois* Republic is now playing its last trumps. The hand may last over 1889; but after that we shall certainly have a new deal, for which the cards are already being shuffled. Imperialists and Orleanists being put out of the question for want of troops and leaders, there are two parties at work—the Radicals and the Revolutionaries. The latter are broken up into a score subdivisions. At a revolutionary meeting held on Sunday, Citizen Maxime Jisbonne said: "I take no precautions against old age: they are unnecessary. I shall be killed before I grow old. You know that 1893 will not pass with a few shots."

As for the Radicals, whose newspapers, like *L'Intransigeant* and *La Lanterne*, practically govern France, and give the tone even to the more moderate press—like the *Petit Journal*, for instance, which is daily directing its battering-rams against Parliamentarism, without, however, indicating a substitute—the Radicals seem to be grouping their forces under the flag of "Boulangism," and in a few days we are to have a new popular propagandist newspaper, *La Cocarde*, avowedly in favour of the General who commands the "Pioupiou d'Auvergne." The programme of "Boulangism" amounts to a combination of American Republicanism and French Cæsarism—election of the President by the nation; responsibility of the President to the nation; one legislative assembly governing by means of irresponsible Ministers chosen outside of the Parliament. Here are clear ideas, a man to serve as a hero and rallying point, propaganda organised and actively pursued. Of all this something will come, although General Boulanger has publicly declared that he wishes to devote himself exclusively to his military duties.

It is a curious fact that, although divorce has won its place in the French code, it has not become socially acclimated. Practically the Naquet law has had very little success, and, oddly enough, the stage, after having contributed largely, through the plays of Augier and Dumas, to the voting of that law, now takes up arms against it. In "Divorçons," Sardou has gaily depicted love surviving the rupture, and revealing itself and growing through jealousy. The other day the Vandeville Théâtre produced a new comedy, "Les Surprises du Divorce," by MM. Bisson and Antony Mars, which presents in a comic form the problem which divorced people have to solve when they remarry and meet again in society. The situation in this comedy is exceptional but possible. A man gets divorced from his wife partly with a view to getting rid of an intolerable mother-in-law. He marries a second time a young lady whose father is a widower; but, behold, one day this father-in-law returns from a trip to Switzerland, with a wife and a mother-in-law who are no other than the divorced wife of the hero of the comedy and her intolerable mother. Thus the unfortunate man has two mothers-in-law, of whom one was once his wife. This comedy is one of the drollest and wittiest we have had in Paris for many years, and its success promises to be immense.

Things Russian continue to be very much *à la mode*, and in addition to a Russian alliance, Russian novels, and Russian dramas, we are now having a dose of Russian music, for all Paris is rushing to hear the compositions of Peter Tschaikowsky, a celebrated Russian musician, who has been well *lancé* by certain high society dames. M. Tschaikowsky, like Rubinstein, belongs to the German, rather than to the Nationalist Russian, school; his works are of a cosmopolitan strain, and not exotic at all; brilliant, facile, interesting, full of agreeable sonorities, his compositions have, after all, more elegance than strength, say the connoisseurs. Meanwhile, Tschaikowsky triumphs and does well, for Herrick's counsel to young girls is applicable also to musicians.

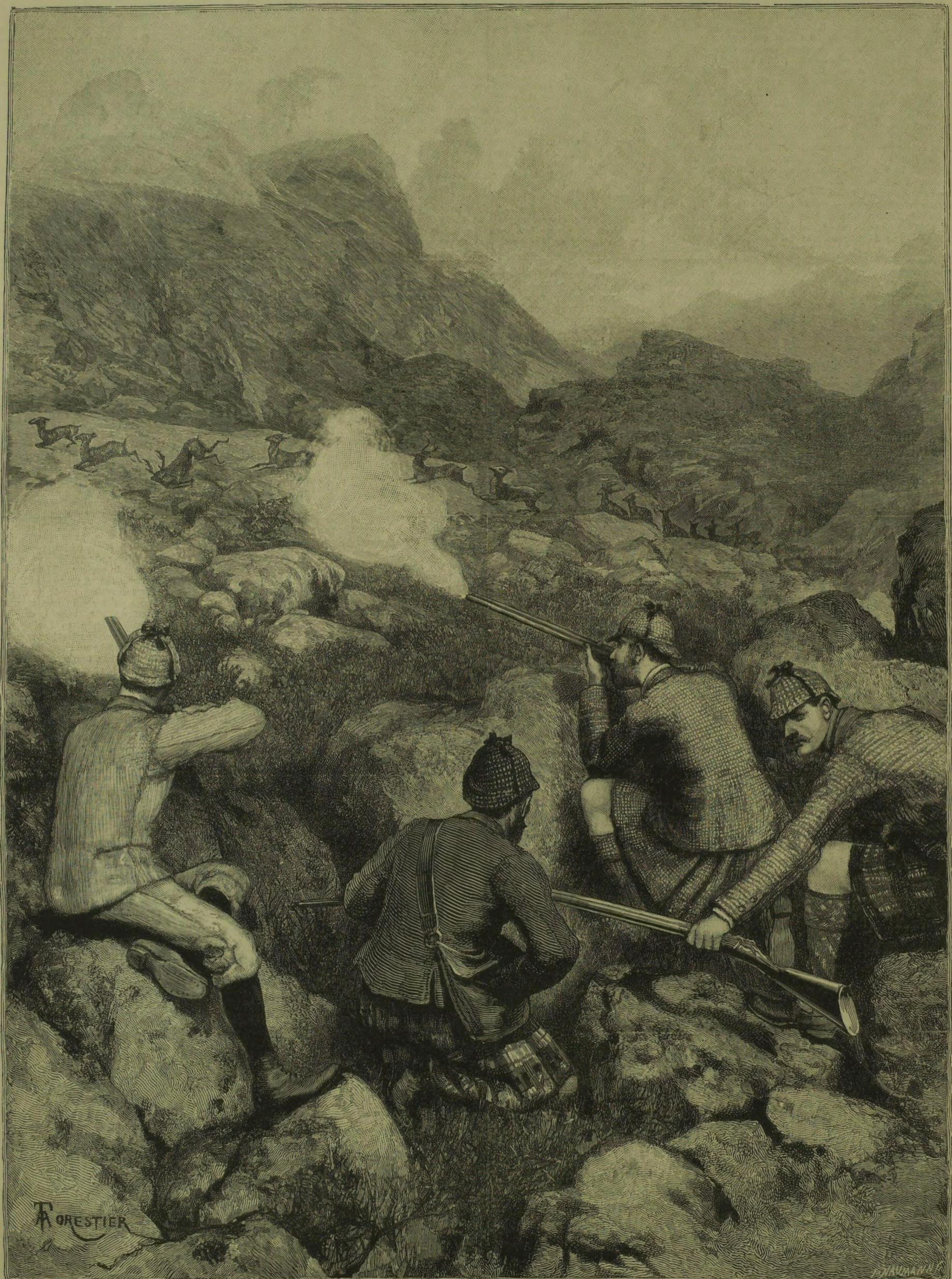
M. Daniel Wilson, son-in-law of ex-President Grévy, has been condemned to two years' imprisonment, 3000 f. fine, and deprivation of his civic rights during a period of five years. His agents were condemned—Ribaudéau to eight months, Dubreuil to four months, and Hébert to one month's imprisonment. This judgment will become definitive after probation by the Courts of Appeal and Cassation, and so will end the scandalous "Affaire des Décorations."

The Bibliothèque Nationale, thanks to the publisher Trübner, has at length regained possession of the manuscripts abstracted years ago by Libri and Barrois, and since absorbed in the Ashburnham collection. In exchange for a volume formerly preserved at Heidelberg, namely, Rudiger Manasse's "Collection of German Poetry," formed towards the end of the thirteenth century, plus a sum of 150,000f., the Bibliothèque Nationale has obtained the 166 manuscripts in question, and these precious fragments are now being replaced in the documents to which they respectively belong.

T. C.

The German Emperor has been unwell since Friday evening, suffering from a chill caught, according to his physicians, during his drives in the Thiergarten. His Majesty is reported to be better. The Empress is in comparatively good health, but has suffered deeply from the death of her favourite grandson, Prince Ludwig of Baden. More favourable reports are received from San Remo as to the condition of the Crown Prince. Private accounts agree in affirming a great improvement and increase of strength in the illustrious patient. He passed nearly all of Tuesday in the open air, either in the garden or on the balcony of the villa. The Crown Princess went on March 1 to the French frontier to meet the Prince of Wales, who was coming from Cannes. Prince William was also on his way to San Remo from Carlsruhe, being followed closely by Professor Waldmeyer by command of the Kaiser. Prince William returned to Berlin on March 5, being accompanied to the railway-station by Prince Henry and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince William has been empowered to sign Royal decrees and ordinances, should occasion arise; and two councillors to report on State affairs, and a General to advise on military matters, are to be placed in attendance on his Royal Highness.

Portugal has declared that she will never renounce the possession of Delagoa Bay, nor her rights in that colony.—Madame Patti sang at a charity concert in Lisbon on Sunday afternoon, March 4, which was attended by the King and Queen, as well as all the Royal family. The Opera House was crowded by an enthusiastic audience.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT A DEER-DRIVE IN THE HIGHLANDS.



## CHINESE AND JAPANESE PAINTINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The reproach so often and so truly brought against the keepers of the various departments of the British Museum, that they passed their time in "cataloguing specimens," is happily no longer applicable. A wider and more liberal view of the uses of public collections, and of the duties of their custodians, has sprung up amongst savants of the present generation; and in no department has this recognition of the public been more ample or more discreet than in the Print Department. The terms of the "White Bequest" have enabled the trustees to triumph over the niggardliness of the Treasury, and a series of rooms is now added to the Museum buildings which permit the display of some of the most attractive art treasures which have, hitherto, been hidden from the public. It is not our intention to allude on the present occasion to the Slade collection of Oriental objects, probably unique in the world, and throwing into the shade even the South Kensington display. It is with the exhibition of Chinese and Japanese paintings, arranged with so much taste and knowledge by Mr. Sidney Colvin, that we are concerned to-day. It is only fair to remark that Mr. Colvin is not responsible for the yellow varnish or polish with which the oak cases have been rendered hideous, and made to destroy, as far as possible, the taste with which the works might have been arranged. It is a fair question, we think, for someone to ask in the House of Commons, by what authority the Office of Works exercises Vandal rights over the bequest of Mr. White? who died as far back as in 1823 and thought his money might safely be confided to the trustees of the British Museum, to spend in accordance with their own taste and judgment. *Dis aliter visum.* Our dictators in all questions of public taste are chosen upon some principle apparently more connected with the popular vote than with scientific or artistic aptitudes and wants. The result is, on the one hand, a constant friction between the chiefs of semi-independent bodies, as of the British Museum, Kew Gardens, and the like; on the other, a stubborn determination on the part of bodies like the Royal Academy never to place themselves in any way under State tutelage. The results in either case are disastrous; but it is not with such questions that we are now occupied. Mr. Colvin, thanks to the late Mr. White, has got his new gallery, and, in spite of the Office of Works, he has turned it to good account. In the cause of didactic picture displays, he has done a good deal more, for he proves conclusively that it is quite possible to arrange pictures in such a way that, whilst retaining their proper sequence in time, their decorative qualities may be preserved intact.

The present exhibition of drawings, though not a large one, probably ranges over a wider extent of time than any before attempted. But even at hundred years do not include the whole art-history of the East. Of its earlier phases, Chinese or Corean, we know practically little or nothing; although the strides made during the past twenty years in our knowledge of Chinese archaeology have been enormous. The Museum authorities, therefore, in their selection from the treasures purchased in 1880 from Dr. W. Anderson, have limited the present exhibition to such works as could be reasonably assigned to some special date or artist. An early Chinese school of painting is supposed to have been in existence long before the introduction of the Buddhist religion; but it is not until many generations after this great religious revolution that any distinct notice of an artist can be found. In the third century of our era there was a famous painter of sacred subjects, who probably gave a general direction to the course of subsequent art. Copies of these works made by the Japanese, we seem to have had a high respect for the Chinese "Old Masters," are, it is said, still to be met with in Japanese temples and elsewhere. The eighth century, it appears, saw a very marked art revival, and one of the best-known painters of his day was Minister of State to the Emperor Hui-an-Tsung. Four hundred years later, an Emperor himself of that Dynasty, Hwei-Tsung (1101-1126), was also an accomplished artist; and it is with a picture attributed to his Majesty that the present exhibition leads off. Like all the other Chinese pictures, with one exception, this "White Eagle" (1) is painted on silk in water colours, and preserves, if not the original border of coloured silks which serves as a frame, at all events a very probable restoration of the original design. During this period of their art, the Chinese seem to have devoted much time to the painting of birds—falcons, cranes, wild geese, and the like—at times in monochrome, but also, as in the very spirited "Cock and Chicken" (4), in very brilliant colours. We may, however, accept the "Three Rishis in the Wilderness" (5) to be as distinctly imaginative as the "Philosopher and Disciples" (10) is realistic. The three Buddhist pictures (11-13) may be copies by Japanese artists, but Mr. Colvin leans to the view that they are original Chinese works belonging to any period between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. They are chiefly interesting as showing how, even to the introduction of the transparent nimbus, they resemble in treatment many saints and fathers of the Catholic Church, as handed down to us by the artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. From this point onwards all the works exhibited belong to Japan.

The art of painting had been brought thither in the fifth century, and soon took root in the congenial Japanese temperament. Of the great artist of the ninth century, Kosé-no-Kanaoka, who is said to have excelled in landscapes and figures and horses, no specimens remain; but probably in the series of Buddhist paintings (14-19), although the earliest of them was painted in the fifteenth century, the traditions of his school may have lingered. Far more interesting to the ordinary visitor are the delicate drawings of the Yamato-Tosa school (20-33 and 134-157), in spite of the mannerism which cramped their powers when dealing with human figures. In their rendering of horses is to be seen dash combined with truthfulness; whilst in their use of colours they displayed remarkable freedom. The fifteenth century saw a great revival of Japanese art, and for the first time the divergent influences of rival schools became apparent. Of each of these there are abundant and well-chosen examples: the Chinese school (34-58 and, again, 158-168) being represented by landscapes, birds, and flowers; the Sesshū school (59-61 and 69) by decorative landscapes; and the Kano school (62-75 and 169-177) by delicate landscapes, birds, and scenes from peasant life. Amongst these, perhaps the Chinese school will attract the greatest admiration in the landscapes of the fifteenth century (34-39), in which the refinements of atmosphere and the effects of mountain and cloud are rendered with a delicacy and feeling which would move Mr. Ruskin to admiration. A modern work of the "mixed" school, representing "The Thousand Carp" (133), apparently as seen in a tank, is exceedingly noteworthy for the firmness and vigour with which the fish are drawn, and also as showing that art requires no more than nature absolute lines of beauty. In the group of fish before us each one is finished without reference to its neighbour, and yet the whole is absolutely harmonious.

There still remains the so-called popular school of Japanese art, which dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century,

and still survives with little appearance of decline. Its artists treated with equal freedom every subject, from the mysteries of Buddhism to caricatures and children's picture-books; they illustrated works of history, travel, or fiction; designed with equal readiness new-year's cards, playbills for theatres, and painted portraits of celebrities of the day. In such large pictures as the "Holiday Amusements" (78) we have a glimpse of Japanese outdoor life; whilst the illustration of "Siraia Slaying the Giant Serpent" (84) shows the wealth of imagination with which the people are endowed. It is impossible to dwell upon all the points of interest which this exhibition offers, nor perhaps is it necessary to do so, in view of the excellent guide, prepared under the superintendence of Mr. Sidney Colvin, which explains in simple language the principal phases of Japanese art, and shows briefly its continuity and relation to contemporary literature. We cannot, however, close this notice without calling special attention to a few characteristic works, such as the "Cock in a Shower" (94), the rain landscape (100), "Spring" and "Autumn," a pair of landscapes (114, 115); the "Cherry Blossoms of Mikawa" (101), by a lady artist of the present century; "Morning Mists on the Yedo River" (126); the "Story of Raiko" (134-157); and the very remarkable collection of studies of birds (223-273), all of which are stated to have been painted during the present century, and, in all probability, after contact with Europeans had revived a love of natural science. The exhibition is intended to form part of the permanent attractions of the Museum; and it is to be hoped that these delicate water colours, which have resisted the action of light for so many centuries, will not suffer from exposure to the sun of Bloomsbury. The danger, if any, is one which experts may be trusted to avert; whilst we, the public of to-day, can calmly enjoy the feast offered to us without misgiving for the future.

## NIAGARA IN LONDON.

We welcome with unfeigned satisfaction the revival of the panorama in this country. For a long time it has here suffered from undeserved neglect; but in Paris, Berlin, and in the United States it has well maintained its popularity. Time was when "London by Day," "Paris by Night" and such like scenes, were amongst the most attractive sights in the metropolis; and even more recently we have had the "Balaclava Charge" and the "Battle of Tel-el-Kebir" to bring before stay-at-home citizens the pomp and pageantry of glorious war. On the present occasion a more peaceful scene is exposed to our view, for although our eyes are feasted by the glories of M. Philippoteaux's latest work, our ears are not deafened by the roar of waters which is one of the chief accessories of the reality. In this view the spectator is supposed to be standing on the Canadian side of the river near "Prospect House." Behind are the peaceful woods of the Queen's Park, bright with foliage of the "fall." Immediately in front is the mass of water known as the Horseshoe falls, with its emerald green waters boiling in the Devil's Cauldron into which they rush—throwing up huge columns of spray and mist, forming an ever-varying scene of unsurpassed grandeur. Goat's Island, which divides the two great falls, is a peaceful spot, and now that it forms part of the State reservation, runs no further danger from enterprising Vandals of the tourist or advertiser type. Beyond the American Falls, Prospect Park further insures free access to the unique scene for posterity; and we who stay on this side of the Atlantic can, perhaps, better realise the debt of gratitude the world owes to Lord Dufferin and the State of New York, for having taken under international protection the Falls and the surrounding woods and rocks. Already we can see the tall chimneys of the town on the American side creeping slowly towards the edge of the "reservation"—and there are symptoms still traceable that a very few years would probably have placed this "water-power" at the disposal of commercial enterprise. The realistic treatment of the foreground of the landscape is similar to that previously adopted by M. Philippoteaux in his panoramas at Paris and elsewhere, and the illusion created by the introduction of real trees, telegraph-poles, &c., is very complete. In actual painting, the present work has certainly many artistic merits; but the scene is one which offers so many beauties that a painter with an ordinary canvas shrinks from the difficulties presented. The enormous size of the present picture—395 ft. in circumference by 60 ft. in height—has enabled the artist not only to attempt, but to achieve a great success; whilst the varying colour of the waters, as they change from amethyst to emerald, are rendered with a touch of more than ordinary power. The panorama, which includes many other attractions beside the pictorial, is situated in York-street, Westminster, within a stone's-throw of the St. James's Park Station, on the Underground Railway.

Archdeacon Richardson, Mr. T. L. Bristow, M.P., and Mr. J. B. Maple, M.P., were present at the opening of the Emmanuel Hall, Paget-road, West Dulwich, erected in connection with the Emmanuel Parish Church, West Dulwich, of which the Rev. E. Roe is Vicar.

The Portrait of the Hon. Henry Fitzwilliam, the newly-elected M.P. for the Doncaster Division of Yorkshire, is from a photograph by Mr. W. Gothard, of Barnsley and Wakefield; that of the late Mr. James Clarke is from one by Mr. Lombardi, of Pall-mall East; and that of the late Mr. John Clayton, from one by the London Stereoscopic Company, to whom we were indebted also for that of the late Prince Louis of Baden, which appeared last week.

Sir Thomas Brady, the Senior Inspector of Fisheries in Ireland, has sailed by the steamer Kaikoura for Tasmania, in charge of four hundred thousand salmon ova, with which it is intended to stock the rivers of Tasmania. The cost of the expedition is being borne by Dr. Agnew, formerly Premier of the colony, and now Vice-President of the Royal Society there. Sir Thomas Brady has received from the Lord Lieutenant the necessary leave of absence for six months.

Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, presided, on Saturday, March 3, at the fifty-seventh anniversary meeting of the Royal United Service Institution. The annual report, which was read by Captain Burgess, the secretary, stated that on Dec. 31 last the total number of members of the institution was 4280, being a decrease of eighty-eight as compared with the number in the previous year. The receipts had amounted to £5029, including the balance in hand at the end of 1886, and there was a balance at the bank of £151. The invested property of the institution amounted to £18,372.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.  
MARCH 10, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Australia, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Two pence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Sir John Lubbock's Shop Hours' Bill is one of great importance, both on general principles and as affecting women in particular. "Ladies," in the specific sense of the term, need not mind about it on their own account; but for the sake of poor women, who know nothing about the Bills that are before the House of Commons, and who will be cruelly inconvenienced should this one pass, the women of the upper classes should give themselves the trouble to understand and have an opinion about the measure. Sir John Lubbock regards the question as though it were one for shopkeepers and their assistants only to consider and decide. But surely the customers are most important parties to an arrangement for forcibly shutting-up shops. The means of retail distribution of goods exist for the service of the public; and therefore the question of what hours they are to be available is by no means settled when it is stated that "not only the assistants but a large majority of the shopkeepers themselves are in favour of these proposals." The public convenience must also be considered.

"These proposals" are to compel all shops, excepting drink, smoke, and newspaper-sellers' establishments, and public supper rooms, to shut their doors at eight o'clock in the evening on five nights in the week, and at ten on the other week-night; while as to Sunday, the almost obsolete laws against trading on that day are to be revived in full vigour. It is to be observed that the shops that may keep open are those which it would inconvenience men and voters to have closed. But the baker, the butcher, and the butter-man will all be fined if they sell their varieties of food after the curfew hour. If the chemist serves a dose of ipecacuanha for a child threatened with croup, or a bottle of soothing mixture for a pain-tortured wretch, the police are to summon and the magistrate is to punish him. If the baby's milk goes sour, or the nurse in the poor man's sick chamber inadvertently uses the last match that there is in the house, the little general shopkeeper will supply the urgent need at a quarter past eight only at his own peril. But there is no need to imagine out-of-the-way events. To hundreds of thousands of working women, necessarily employed all day long in factories, warehouses, or other bread-winning labour, it is a practical impossibility to shop before eight o'clock in the evening. The inconvenience inflicted on this large class is only to be described as cruelty.

Moreover, the principle of this Bill is bad. Here are people who want to have a certain right and proper service performed for them at a certain time of day; and here are others, only too thankful to earn their living by performing the service. Is a law to step between these two, the buyer and the seller, and say that the one shall not supply the other's wants? The little shopkeepers will be ruined by such a law; and they know it. They stand against the competition of the large capital and fresh stock of the great establishments mainly by means of keeping open late and serving the working-women at the time when they find it most convenient to buy. It is surely intolerable that people who wish to make their bread by honest labour should be forbidden to do so, and that people who want to market after their day's duties are done should be forbidden to deal with those who are willing then to attend to them. Finally, laws which make crimes out of actions which are perfectly honest and upright—in this case, industry being made criminal—should always be regarded with severe disapproval; and this Bill proposes, for the first time in modern days, to fix hours of work for grown men, and to interfere with the freedom of male adults to dispose of their own labour and to work as long as they find profitable. These defects of principle are most serious matters; but it is the practical inconvenience to poor women purchasers and the loss to poor widows and other little shopkeepers that will arouse the sympathy of ladies.

There is, on the other hand, everything to be said in favour of the shutting up at an early hour of the great shops, dealt with mainly by ladies who could just as well, if they did but think of it, make all their purchases early in the day. But this must be the legitimate result of voluntary effort.

From New York I have received an interesting report of the work of a charity, "The Du Bois Fund," which is doing precisely what is so much needed here—viz., supplying nurses to the better class of poor people, who can pay part but not the whole of a trained nurse's fee and expenses. I do not depreciate at all the value of the visits of the district nurses, who go from case to case, when I say that such attention must needs be totally insufficient in serious illness. "Nursing" means attention all day, and often in the night, too; and, indeed, it is for the night (when the district nurses do not go out) that professional aid is often most needful. The "Du Bois Fund" does what I believe no charity in England does, but what it may be hoped the Queen's Jubilee Fund will do—it supplements, in suitable cases, the fee which the patient's friends are able and glad to pay, but which is insufficient to obtain a trained nurse's entire services. Such help must mean life instead of death in many acute attacks, where nourishment must be constantly administered, and where skilled attention is needed all day long; and in others, by allowing the wearied mother or wife who nurses by day to obtain nightly repose, causes her to retain strength for her daily duties.

Great is the power of a comma! One got misplaced in my final paragraph last week, and made me appear to assert that whenever a woman is insulted by a man, it is her own fault, because she could if she chose "at once stop" it. What I desired specially to say to my young and unguarded sisters who might read my words was, on the exact contrary, that, to be respected, they must at once check the first approaches of disrespect. The great mistake which many young women make, and which leads them into painful positions, is that they think they can afford to ignore slight improprieties of conduct directed toward them, and can "at once check it" when they at length may want to. Quite the reverse is the path of discretion—in railway carriages or elsewhere. It is easy to stamp on a spark, but hard to extinguish a conflagration. Apropos to ladies and railways, comes the final decision of the highest Court of Appeal about the liability of railway companies for luggage placed temporarily in the care of a porter. It is a decision of peculiar interest to ladies, who cannot carry their own heavy bags about the platforms with the easy indifference to weight and appearance that becomes the stronger sex. Mrs. Bunch, at Christmas, 1884, went to Paddington Station, en route for Bath, with two boxes and a Gladstone bag. She wished to take the bag in the carriage with her; and as the train was not yet at the platform, she left the bag in charge of a porter while she went to the other end of the station to meet her husband. In ten minutes Mrs. Bunch returned to claim her bag, and found that the porter had allowed it to be stolen. The Court of Appeal, after three years' litigation, has finally settled that the company must pay Mrs. Bunch the value of the bag. The ground of the decision is that the article was not deposited with the porter, but only entrusted to him in transit between the cab and the station; and that in such a case, the company cannot avoid responsibility for the safety of luggage.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.



The Most Noble Charles Cecil John, M.A., sixth Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Granby, Earl of Rutland, and Baron Manners of Haddon, K.G., Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Leicestershire, died at Belvoir Castle on March 4. His Grace was born May 16, 1815, the eldest son of the fifth Duke, by Lady Elizabeth Howard, his wife, daughter of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, K.G.; and grandson of the fourth Duke of Rutland (who died, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1787), by Lady Mary Isabella Somerset, his wife, daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort. His Grace was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1837 to 1852 he sat as Marquis of Granby in the House of Commons, and from 1852 to 1857 for North Leicestershire. In the latter year, at the death of his father, he succeeded to the Peerage honours. Previously, from 1843 to 1846, he had been a Lord of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. the Prince Consort. The famous General, John, Marquis of Granby, was his Grace's great-grandfather. The Duke of Rutland was not married, and is succeeded by his next brother, Lord John Manners, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, now seventh Duke, who was born Dec. 13, 1818, and has been twice married. His son, by his first wife, Catherine Louisa, only daughter of Colonel George Marlay, C.B., of Belvedere, Westmeath, is Henry John Brinsley Manners (now Marquis of Granby), Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, born April 16, 1852, and married, Nov. 25, 1882, to Marion Margaret Violet, daughter of Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay, C.B., by whom he has issue. By the decease of the Duke of Rutland a Ribbon of the Garter and the Lieutenancy of Leicestershire are vacant.

SIR CHARLES MUNRO, BART.

Sir Charles Munro, tenth Baronet of Foulis, in the county of



Ross, J.P. and D.L., died on Feb. 29. He was born, Oct. 20, 1824, the eldest son of Sir Charles Munro, ninth Baronet, who succeeded to the title at the decease of his kinsman, Sir Hugh Munro, in 1843. The Baronet just deceased was formerly Major in the 7th Ross-shire Rifle Volunteers, and Captain in the Ross-shire Militia. He married, March 19, 1847, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. John Nicholson, of Camberwell, and leaves three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, now Sir Hector Munro, eleventh Baronet of Foulis, J.P. and D.L., Major, 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, married, in 1880, Margaret Violet, daughter of Mr. John Stirling, of Fairburn, and has issue.

ADMIRAL SIR A. C. KEY, G.C.B.

Admiral the Right Hon. Sir Astley Cooper Key, G.C.B., P.C., D.C.L., F.R.S., died at Laggan House, Maidenhead, on March 3, aged sixty-seven. He was son of the late Mr. Charles Aston Key, the eminent surgeon, by Anne, his wife, sister of Sir Astley Cooper Paston, Bart. He entered the Royal Navy in 1835, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1878. He served in the Baltic during the Russian War, and during the Indian Mutiny, and was present at the capture of Canton in 1858. In 1859 he was on the Commission of National Defence, became Director-General of Naval Ordnance in 1866, Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard in 1869, President of the Royal Naval College (Greenwich) 1872 to 1875, and Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indian station 1875 to 1878. From 1879 to 1885 he was Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, and Principal Naval A.D.C. to the Queen 1878 to 1886. He married, first, 1856, Charlotte Lavinia, daughter of Mr. Edmund McNeill; and secondly, in 1877, Evelyn, daughter of Signor Vincenzo Bartolucci.

MR. JAMES COTTER MORISON.

Mr. James Cotter Morison died at Hampstead on Feb. 26, aged fifty-seven, leaving unproduced the great work on French history which he had long projected, and to which he had devoted years of study and preparation. He was educated at Highgate Grammar School and Lincoln College, Oxford. After taking his degree he settled in London, and entered on the pursuit of literature, contributing frequently to reviews and literary journals. In 1863 he published the "Life and Times of St. Bernard," and contributed two volumes, one on Gibbon and one on Macaulay, to the series of "English Men of Letters" edited by Mr. John Morley. In 1885 appeared his study "Madame De Maintenon."

MR. FRANK ASH YEO.

Mr. Frank Ash Yeo, M.P. for West Glamorganshire, J.P., died at his residence, Sketty Hall, Swansea, on March 3. He was born in 1832, the son of the late Mr. Thomas Yeo, of Bideford, and was educated at Bideford School. He sat in Parliament for West Glamorganshire from 1885, as a Liberal. He was a large colliery-owner, director of the Swansea Bank and the Swansea Blast Furnace Company. In 1874, 1886, and 1887 he served as Mayor of Swansea; and from 1878 to 1886 as chairman of Swansea Harbour Trust. Mr. Yeo married, first, in 1858, Miss Cory, of Cardiff; and secondly, in 1868, Miss Dowson, of North Allerton.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mrs. Procter, widow of "Barry Cornwall," on March 5, at her residence at Kensington.

General John Patton, Colonel of the Suffolk Regiment, on Feb. 27, at Vicar's Hill, Lymington, aged eighty-seven.

The Ven. P. R. Atkinson, Canon of Winchester and Archdeacon of Surrey, at Dorking, on March 6, after a short illness.

Lady Jackson (Anne) wife of Sir Robert William Jackson, C.B., and daughter of Mr. John Jones Simpson, on March 3, at Eglinton, Sandymount, in the county of Dublin.

Major John Francis Astley Sparke, late Captain 84th Regiment and Adjutant of the Oxfordshire Militia, third son of the late Rev. John Henry Sparke, M.A., of Gunthorpe Hall, Norfolk, and grandson of Dr. Sparke, Bishop of Ely, on Feb. 27, aged fifty-two.

Mr. Norman Macbeth, R.S.A., suddenly in London, on Feb. 27. He was born in 1822, was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1870, and ten years later was admitted as an Academician, his diploma work being a portrait of Sir John Steell, R.S.A. For some years back Mr. Macbeth

had been resident in London, where he acted on behalf of the Royal Scottish Academy as representative trustee for the British Institution Fine Art scheme. One of his sons is Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., the well-known painter and etcher.

Captain John William Power, Assistant Commissary, on March 4, at his residence, Rathgar, in the county of Dublin, aged 66. He served in the Commissariat throughout the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55, and was present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol (Crimean and Turkish Medals).

General Richard Hamilton, C.B., on March 1, at Nethway, Torquay, in his seventy-eighth year. He entered the Madras Army in 1828, served in the Burmese War of 1853, and in the Indian Mutiny Campaign of 1857-58. He had two medals and clasps, and the decoration of C.B., conferred on him in 1875.

The Very Rev. William Corbet Le Breton, Dean of Jersey and Rector of St. Heliers, on Feb. 28, aged seventy-three. He was educated at Winchester, and Pembroke College, Oxford. The Dean's daughter is Mrs. Langtry, the actress. The Le Bretons rank among the old Jersey families.

Mr. Charles Richard Banastre Legh, of Adlington Hall, Cheshire, J.P. and D.L., on Feb. 26, aged sixty-seven. His grandfather, Mr. Richard Crosse, who succeeded to the Adlington estates, being a descendant of the old family of Legh of Adlington, assumed in consequence the surname and arms of Legh.

Colonel Edward Thomas Coke, of Trusley, county of Derby, on Feb. 26, at his residence, Debden Hall, Mansfield, in his eighty-second year. He was third son of Mr. D'Ewes Coke, of Brookhill, Derbyshire, and descended from the Cokes of Trusley, whose pedigree is traced in the male line for more than six hundred years.

Captain Rupert Lonsdale, C.M.G., formerly of the 74th Highlanders and of "Lonsdale's Horse," aged thirty-eight, on Feb. 28, at Liverpool, two days after landing from the Gold Coast. He served with distinction in the Gaika Rebellion in South Africa and in the Zulu War; had accompanied Sir S. Rowe to the Gold Coast on special service in 1881; had served under the "International African Association" from 1883 to 1884; and was appointed Interior Commissioner of the Gold Coast, 1886, which appointment he held at his death. He married, 1875, Katherine, daughter of the late Mr. John Russell, of Newforge, in the county of Antrim.

## THE LARTIGUE RAILWAY IN KERRY.

Cheap and light railways have often been recommended for the benefit of some agricultural districts in Ireland. On Feb. 29, a new single-rail line of ten miles, from Listowel to Ballybunion, in North Kerry, was opened by the directors with a party of invited visitors. These included Lord Ventry, Lord Bessborough, Mr. H. Monro, chairman of the Lartigue Railway Construction Company, Mr. F. B. Behr, managing director of the line, Mr. Colhoun, traffic manager, Great Southern and Western Railway, M. Chapron, representing the French Minister of Marine and the Colonies, and several ladies. On the journey to Ballybunion Mr. Behr explained the working of the line and the system adopted.

This is what is known as the Lartigue single-line system, the motive power being steam. It differs from the only other single-line Irish railway, between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, which is worked by electricity. The single steel line is at an elevation of 3½ ft. from the ground. It is supported by trestle-shaped steel bars attached to sleepers of the same material, strengthened by wood in soft or boggy places. The side bars are about 4 ft. apart, and the line proper presents the appearance of a series of isosceles triangles, rather than a railway as ordinarily understood. Along the bars at each side the rails for the guide wheels of the locomotives and rolling stock are placed about a foot from the ground; the latter rails assist in steady the oscillation of the train when in motion. The switching is done by eccentric turn-tables fitted with a curved portion of the rail; the public road level crossings by a portion of the line are made to swing back on a pivot when required. In some cases crossings are effected by a wooden drawbridge raised or lowered by winches to the level of the top rail. When the traffic has passed over the drawbridge, the latter is raised by pulling the chain, which is securely fastened. The working of the machinery of itself regulates the signals. The engines are fitted with two separate horizontal boilers, and provided with tenders fitted with cylinders and machinery which allows the surplus steam to be used on steep inclines for additional motive power. The wheels on which the locomotives run are in the central space, between the boilers; they are 22 inches in diameter.

The new line is now working for traffic, having been sanctioned by Major-General Hutchinson, Inspector for the Board of Trade. The cost of the line, including everything in the shape of material and stocks, has been at the rate of £3000 per mile. With regard to the anticipated traffic, the managing director, Mr. Behr, estimates it at from £80 to £100 per week gross. This will be in the main derived from excursionists to Ballybunion in the summer months, and the carrying of sea-sand from that place, largely used by the farmers of Kerry for top-dressing and manuring their lands. The line has been constructed without any guarantee, and will help to develop the resources of the district.

The Bishop of Liverpool has announced his intention of contributing £1000 to the Liverpool Cathedral Fund.

Very attractive ballad concerts are arranged for Thursdays during March at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road.

The class lists for the Cambridge Local Examinations held last December have been issued. The total number of candidates examined was 9613, of whom 3978 were girls.

The members of the Iron and Steel Institute, who had intended to meet in America during the autumn of this year, have resolved to postpone their visit, in consequence of the Presidential election, which will occur about the time of the projected visit.

At the Waterloo Coursing Meeting on March 6 Mr. L. Pilkington's Burnaby beat Mr. W. Smith's nomination, Duke Macpherson, in the deciding course, and won the Waterloo Cup. Mr. C. Hibbert's Miss Glendyne took the Purse, and Mr. T. E. Fiske's Winfarthing the Plate.

A considerable force of Dervishes attacked Suakin on Sunday morning, March 4, but was beaten off by Colonel Shakespear with the mounted corps and two companies of infantry. The enemy left some hundreds of killed and wounded behind them. Colonel Tapp and five soldiers were killed and fourteen wounded.

The Lord Mayor (who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex) presided on March 2 at the annual meeting of the supporters of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, which was held at the Hôtel Métropole. The report stated that the number of in-patients during the year was 459; the out-patients, 7045; the attendances, 30,506; the dental cases, 280; and the home visits of children, 370.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

March opened in the Commons with a remarkably cordial welcome on the part of the Ministerialists to Mr. Charles Darling, the new Conservative member for Deptford, who is portrayed on another page. Noble Lords on the First filled the Peers' Gallery, evidently out of compliment to the smart young champion of the Constitutional cause. The hon. and learned member's keenest political opponent, Sir Charles Russell, joined him on the cross-bench to offer his congratulations. When Mr. Darling was conducted to the table to take the oath, a prolonged volley of cheers came from the Ministerial benches; and it was renewed when Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Henry Matthews, and then the Speaker, warmly shook hands with him; Sir Henry James and Sir Charles Russell regarding the newcomer approvingly from the corner of the front Opposition bench, whilst Mr. Gladstone sternly looked on. It appropriately happened that the first set debate Mr. Darling was destined to hear was a legal discussion as to the right of holding public meetings in Trafalgar-square.

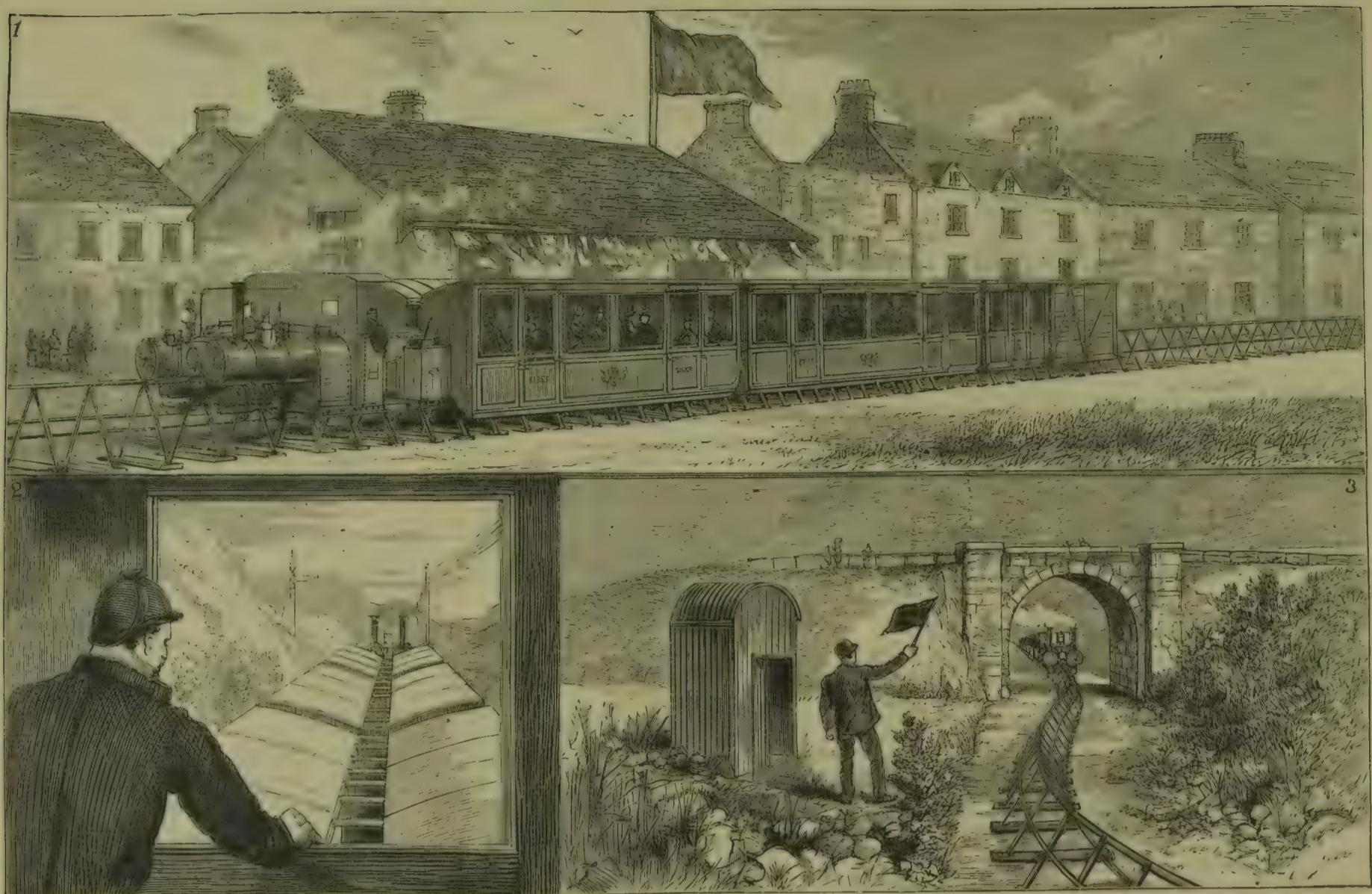
Sir Charles Russell's inordinately long, dry, and tedious harangue on Trafalgar-square was preceded by a lively controversy, in Committee of Supply, upon the vote of £6500 for special missions. Mr. Labouchere (weakened though he was from his recent severe attack of gout) in his neatly trenchant and incisively satirical style objected to the custom of paying the large sum of £241,000 per annum for our diplomatic service, and at the same time expending thousands on special missions, such as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's to Washington, which would cost the country £3900. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Smith, on the other hand, justified and eulogised the services of Mr. Chamberlain in bringing the Fishery Conference to a successful conclusion; the right hon. member for Midlothian generously going so far as to say that the Government, in selecting Mr. Chamberlain as their negotiator, had chosen "a man of very eminent abilities and of very great competence." The Leader of the Opposition thus won to the side of the Ministry, it was not a matter of surprise that Mr. Labouchere—who could hardly have expected such magnanimity on Mr. Gladstone's part to the arch Liberal Unionist—secured only 68 votes, and had a majority of 246 ranged against him. To counterbalance this concession, Mr. Smith had to oblige Mr. Gladstone by dropping the £18,500 prematurely demanded for New Guinea—a saving which might encourage the right hon. gentleman to resume in earnest his old starring part of financial reformer.

Trafalgar-square did not trouble the House long. The practice of holding public meetings in that central position in the heart of London was manifestly fraught with so much public inconvenience that the wonder has been to me that such assemblages were not prohibited long ago. One fact alone, that priceless art treasures are on view in the National Gallery that commands the square, should have sufficed to stop the gatherings, especially when they came to be disorderly and dangerous to property, as they were after the memorable Socialistic meeting in 1886, and during the riots of last autumn. Why not plant a flower-garden in Trafalgar-square? Embellished and beautified, it would be a site that should be a pride instead of a source of anxiety to London.

The Trafalgar-square controversy may be soon summed up. Whilst Sir Charles Russell, tracing the history of the spot well-nigh back to the Flood, contended the right of meeting therein was indisputable, yet prayed for a Parliamentary inquiry into the matter, Mr. Matthews held an opposite view, and nervously but earnestly argued that, being responsible for the preservation of public order, he was amply justified in sanctioning the edict of Sir Charles Warren suppressing the demonstrations in the square. Mr. Bradlaugh, the next evening, moved a rider begging for a special inquiry into the assemblage on Oct. 13. The unorthodox member for Northampton speaks in strident tones enough, in all conscience; but Mr. Gladstone yet found it necessary to quit his place on the front Opposition bench, to take the corner seat below the gangway, and to put his hand to his ear, the better to catch each loudly-uttered word of Mr. Bradlaugh, whom the right hon. gentleman regarded throughout the whole of his declamatory speech. Mr. Bradlaugh, if educated to the Bar, would unquestionably have made a great lawyer. He should moderate his voice in the House. With that supreme self-satisfaction which characterises the complacent Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster dexterously turned the tables on Mr. Bradlaugh at the outset, but then went too far, and almost denied all right of public meeting—a point on which Sir William Harcourt, in an exceptionally effective debating speech, promptly enlightened him. In the end, the Government obtained a majority of 115 against Mr. Bradlaugh's amendment, and of 92 against Sir Charles Russell's. Ministers may well deem themselves safe from attack in front. But they have to laager themselves, as it were, to meet assaults from the rear and flank.

Does the Duke of Richmond contemplate rejoining the Government? Since his reappearance this Session on the bench behind Ministers in the House of Lords, his Grace has engaged in such frequent and vivacious conversations with Lord Cranbrook (who is blithely looking forward to the celebration of his Golden Wedding) that the time would seem ripe for his readmission to the Cabinet. The Duke was smilingly in his place on the First of March, when Earl De Jersey's "Oh, Fond Trade, Oh, Fair Trade" amendment to the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill brought the majority of Ministerialists and of the Opposition into temporary alliance against the "Fair-Traders," as Protectionists now call themselves. The measure was read the second time. Again, on the Fifth of March, the Duke of Richmond seemed to be holding his shield over Ministers, though the Marquis of Salisbury was in such good fighting trim that he needed no help, but alone fell upon Lord Herschell, and smote the acute and learned Lord hip and thigh in the interesting debate on the urgently-needed Electric-Light Act Amendment Bill, read the second time—although the gas, in a spirit of rivalry, doubtless, suddenly shone its best in the midst of the discussion. Why not light both Houses by electricity?

The ripple of cheering which greeted Mr. Buxton's plea in the Commons for brief and concise speeches, on the Fifth of March, indicated that I spoke by the card when I advocated the same sensible reform last week. By example, Mr. W. H. Smith commendably does his utmost to bring about brevity of speech; and his answer to Mr. Buxton clearly evinced his sympathy with the timely suggestion of Mr. Buxton. The notable feature of the evening was Lord Charles Beresford's stinging attack on the administrations of the Army and Navy during the debate on Sir W. Barttelot's motion for a Royal Commission to report on the military and naval requirements of the country. Nothing short of hanging some unnamed offender would satisfy Lord Charles. Needless to say Mr. Smith did not see his way to oblige his Lordship. The Leader of the House may well have felt perturbed, however, when Lord Randolph Churchill's motion for the adjournment of the debate gave note of warning of a more formidable attack on the Government entrenchments.



OPENING OF THE LARTIGUE SINGLE-LINE RAILWAY, BETWEEN LISTOWEL AND BALLYBUNION, KERRY.



OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH: ATTACK ON REAR GUARD AND BAGGAGE OF NORTHERN SHAN COLUMN AT NAMLU.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. E. CONGDON.



THE LATE MR. JOHN CLAYTON, THE ACTOR,  
MANAGER OF THE COURT THEATRE.



THE LATE MR. JAMES CLARKE,  
EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN WORLD."

THE LATE MR. JAMES CLARKE.

The proprietor and editor of *The Christian World*, Mr. James Clarke, who died on Feb. 24 at the age of sixty-three, was a man of some note and influence among those concerned in active works of religious and social improvement. He was son of a Baptist minister, and was born at Thorpe-le-Soken, in Essex. He was apprenticed to a bookbinder at Ipswich, and became a member of the Independent church or congregation in St. Nicholas-street, in that town, also taking part in the Temperance movement, in the Mechanics' Institute, and in the discussions on political Reform. In 1846 he came to London, and was employed on the literary staff of the *Patriot*, edited by Mr. Conder, and afterwards on the Rev. Dr. Campbell's *British Banner*; he also reported the Parliamentary debates. The liberal, unsectarian, and justly popular weekly journal called *The Christian World*, which is friendly to the efforts of all Protestant denominations, was established, more than thirty years ago, by the Rev. Mr. Whittemore, a Dissenting minister. Mr. Clarke was engaged in its editorship, and, after the death of Mr. Whittemore, was enabled to purchase that journal, which he managed with such good judgment and success that it has become a valuable property. With the

religious newspaper, several other publications are associated: *The Christian World Pulpit*, containing entire sermons, revised and furnished by the clergymen or Nonconformist ministers who have preached them; *The Literary World*, in which able critical reviews of new books, with well-chosen extracts, are weekly provided; *The Sunday-School Times*; *The Rosebud*; *The Family Circle*, and others. Mr. Clarke was a landowner in Suffolk, but usually resided at Caterham. He was married to a sister of Mr. Brown, of Braintree, and has left three sons and three daughters, with family connections in the Eastern Counties.

The Earl of Strafford has resigned his office as Civil Service Commissioner, the unpaid duties of which he has performed since May, 1880.

In the Upper House of Canterbury Convocation on March 2 there was a discussion on the laxity, especially among the upper classes, in the observance of the Lord's Day, and a motion was carried appealing to the clergy, to the instructors of the young, and to others who had influence, not to suffer the loss of the priceless benefits of the rest and sanctity of the Lord's Day.

THE LATE MR. JOHN CLAYTON.

The death of this talented and popular actor of comedy took place at Liverpool a fortnight ago. His full name was John Alfred Clayton Calthorpe, and he was born in 1845, at Gosceton, in Lincolnshire. He made his first appearance on the stage at the St. James's Theatre, London, as Hastings in "She Stoops to Conquer," on Feb. 27, 1866. In 1869 he went to the Gaiety, where he played Joe Lennard, to the Dollond of Mr. Toole and the Chevenix of Mr. Irving, in "Uncle Dick's Darling." In the first long run at the Vaudeville of "The School for Scandal," he was the Joseph Surface. Not long afterwards he was engaged at the Lyceum to support Mr. Irving. The most important characters allotted to Mr. Clayton there were those of Louis XIII. in "Richelieu" and Juan de Miraflores in Mr. Hamilton Aïde's "Philip." His next remarkable performance was as Hugh Trevor in "All for Her," at the Mirror Theatre. In this character, his talents found adequate expression. For some time he adhered to the romantic drama, but during the last three or four years his name has been associated almost exclusively with comedies, such as "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and "Dandy Dick," produced at the Court Theatre, of which he was the manager.



THE NEW GLASS AND CERAMIC GALLERY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE GLASS AND CERAMIC GALLERIES,  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

The new wing of the British Museum, containing the galleries in which are exhibited the Museum glass and ceramic collections, and, for the present, Chinese and Japanese drawings selected from the series purchased from Dr. Anderson, has been erected from funds bequeathed by Mr. William White, who died on May 13, 1823. He had lived in Store-street and in Tavistock-square, and felt a great interest in the Museum, to which he gave the reversion both of his real and personal estate, after the death of his wife and child. The bequest of his landed property at Botley and Cowes was pronounced to be invalid, as within the provisions of the statute of mortmain. On the death of the widow, in 1879, the trustees became entitled under the will to a sum in various Government stocks, realising with dividends £71,780—reduced, however, to £65,411 by the legacy duty exacted by the Treasury.

Several urgent wants of enlarged accommodation in the British Museum were met more or less satisfactorily by the help of Mr. White's bequest. A gallery was built in connection with the department of Greek and Roman antiquities for the better display of the remains of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus; and an extensive building was erected on the south-eastern side of the Museum, with front to Montague-street, and with wings on each side connecting it with the main building. Within this new structure a reading-room for newspapers has been opened, and space found for storage of the London journals and Parliamentary papers. Working-rooms and additional space for its collections, have been provided for the department of manuscripts. The ceramic and glass collections have gained a well-lighted gallery; and the entire department of prints and drawings has obtained convenient accommodation, with a large gallery for the exhibition of its treasures.

The Glass and Ceramic Sections comprise an English ceramic ante-room, with early English pottery, slip ware, pavement tiles, Fulham stoneware, and English porcelain, and a glass and ceramic gallery. In the latter are contained typical productions of Wedgwood and examples of Bristol delft, Dutch and German delft, German pottery and stoneware, Italian majolica, Spanish, Persian, and French pottery, and Rhodian and Damascus ware. The most recent additions

to the English department have been made by the acquisition of a portion of a collection formed by Mr. H. Willett, and a gift of pottery and porcelain by Mr. A. W. Franks. The glass exhibits have the great advantage of illustrating the progress of an art which seems to have acquired importance and beauty very early in man's history. Here is an Egyptian amulet dating back to twenty-four centuries before the Christian era; while other specimens remain that were made in Sidonian workshops, or those of Greece, Rome, Damascus, or Venice, and so on down to modern days. The basis of this fine collection is a bequest made by Mr. Felix Slade, in 1858, including examples of all branches and periods of the art of glass-making, in addition to a sum of £3000 which has been spent in further purchases. Throughout these new rooms, the objects and drawings are clearly and intelligently labelled, and the galleries are admirably lighted.

The block of houses of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor, which was recently inspected by the Queen, is to be known hereafter by the title of "The Victoria Block."

Resolutions protesting against Sir John Lubbock's Compulsory Early Closing Bill, and describing it as an "oppressive interference with the freedom of the public to sell and buy at such times as might be convenient to them," were adopted at a meeting of tradesmen held at the Cannon-street Hotel.

Ditcham Mansion, near Petersfield, one of the most picturesque country seats in the south of England, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of March 4. Mr. L. T. Cave, of the banking firm of Cave and Co., who had bought the estate, was rebuilding his residence at a total outlay of £100,000. The work, which had been in progress for two years, was almost complete, and many of the rooms were furnished.

The arrangements made at the War Office to March 3 for the forthcoming manoeuvres of the volunteers in combination with regular troops, indicate that the original estimate of 50,000 troops to be engaged in the final operations on Easter Monday—large though it is—is likely to be exceeded, in consequence of a further development of operations which it has now been decided shall take place in the north of England, between Liverpool and Chester.

## OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH.

An illustration, from a sketch by Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, of the interview between Major Yates, commanding the Northern Shan column of British forces, and the Tswabaw or Shan Chief of the district of Theebaw, has appeared in this Journal. It was mentioned by our Correspondent that this column of troops was about to resume its march, with some likelihood of meeting an enemy at Namlu, near the Namchow river. As was anticipated, the Northern Shan field force has not been allowed to continue its progress without resistance. On Dec. 31 it set out from Namlu, and shortly after leaving camp, the rear-guard, consisting of twenty-five of the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers and a few Ghoorkas, whilst passing through a narrow defile, was fired on from both flanks and rear by hostile Shans; two mules were killed, two wounded, and a driver was severely wounded. The enemy lost three killed. Almost at the same time the advance-guard was fired on; but the attack was easily repulsed, one of the enemy being killed. There were no casualties on our side. On the arrival of the column in Mogoung it was found that the Myook, who had professed to be governing on behalf of the British, had fled to the hills, owing to his participation in the recent attack on the Chinese lessee of the Jade Mines. After six days' absence the Myook returned, and, as he possessed great influence among the Tsawwas and in the district, it was, notwithstanding his misconduct, considered desirable to retain him in office. After three weeks' delay at Mogoung the column marched to the Jade Mines.

The Hackney Horse Society and the Hunters' Improvement Society held their fourth annual show in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on March 6 and following days. The total number of horses entered was 236.

Lord Jersey presided at the monthly council meeting of the Associated Chambers of Agriculture on March 6, when resolutions were adopted urging the speedy formation of a well-equipped and independent Department of Agriculture headed by a responsible Minister of the Crown, and regretting that the Government have reintroduced the clauses of the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill dealing with preferential rates and terminal charges.

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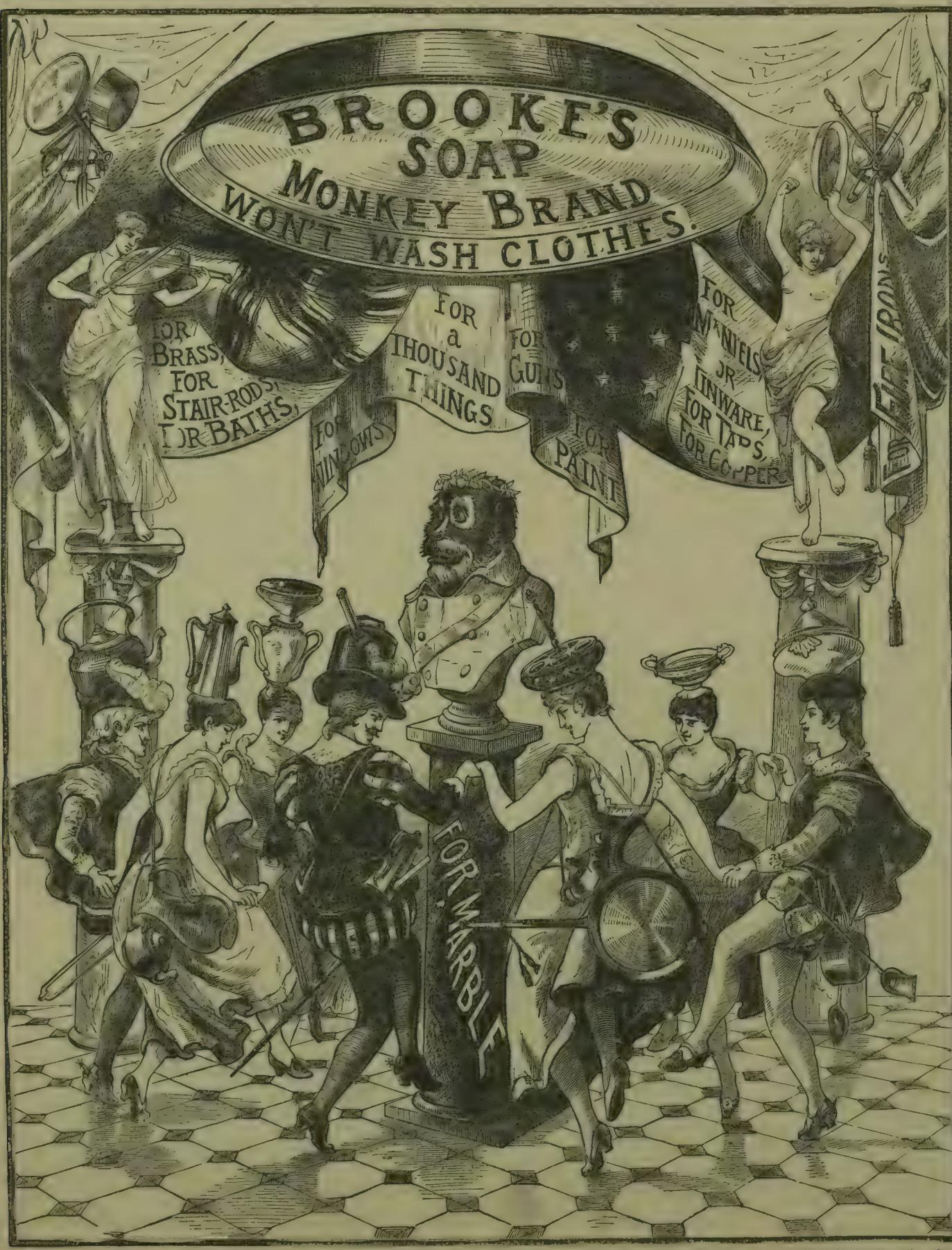
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• 'Oh, no, no, no, the wee bird sang,  
I've flown since mornin' early;  
But sic a day o' wind and rain—  
O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!'



N this still morning, while as yet the unknown world around us seems but half awake, there is a tall young lady, of slim and elegant figure, standing all alone in the stern of the boat. It is the Person without a Character. She has perched herself on the steersman's plank; her arms are placed on the transverse iron rod; her chin rests contemplatively on her crossed palms. And who can tell what dreams and reveries may not be in the calm depths of her eyes, which can be thoughtful and wistful enough when they are not full of malice, and wickedness, and downright rude insolence (to persons older than herself)? Apparently she is looking away across the enluminating landscape, with its varied features of wood and meadow, of hedgerow and upland slope, emerging from the pale mists of the dawn; but there may be quite other visions before her. Perhaps she is thinking of the olden days of romance and heroic adventure, when noble earls "came sounding through the town"; perhaps she is only thinking of New York, and of some facetious and correctly-dressed young man there. When one civilly bids her good-morning, she turns round with a startled look: clearly her thoughts have been far away.

"Well," she says, "the more I see of England, the more I am surprised to think how such a wonderful lot of things should have happened in so small a place. And not only small, but—but—empty. The country seems dead. There's nobody in it. Last night I was reading about Warwick and Kenilworth, just by way of preparation, you know, for I suppose we shall get there this evening. Well, where did all those great lords find the people to build splendid castles for them? Where did they get such sums of money? Where did all the armies come from that were in the Wars of the Roses?"

Now the spectacle of a young mind in eager quest of knowledge is, as has been observed before, a pleasing sight; but it has to be pointed out to Miss Peggy that the study of English history ought to remain prohibited during the remainder of this trip, to avoid misconception, and for the better silencing of scandalous tongues.

"Ah, now," she says plaintively, "isn't it hard that we should be subjected to such cruel taunts and suspicions? And so unjustly, too; that is the shameful part of it; if there was the smallest atom of foundation for the things they say of us, I shouldn't mind. I do really believe," she continues, with an air of solemn conviction, "that you and I are the two most absolutely perfect characters the world has ever known. I have never met with anyone just *quite* so good as we are. And of course that is the explanation. Perfect people are never properly comprehended. Their motives and conduct are always being misunderstood and misrepresented by the outside world: other people who are not perfect have to console themselves by being spiteful and envious. The only comfort is," adds Miss Peggy, complacently, "that you and I understand and appreciate each other; and they are welcome to say all those things about us as often as they please."

This was all very well; and indeed it was satisfactory to think that one had won the commendation of a being so confident of her own moral worth. But there was this to be considered about Peggy—that you could never be very sure of her. Indeed, when she was most amiable she was most to be distrusted; when she held out both hands to you in the frankest fashion, you had to beware lest they should turn out to be the two knobs of an electrical machine.

The next instant, with immovable face and inscrutable eyes, she remarks, in a casual kind of way—

"Mr. A'Beckett is coming to Warwick."

"What!"

"Yes, he is."

"Well, you are—I declare you are"—

"I?" she says, with a blank stare of innocence. "What have I to do with it?"

"Then how did he tell you and no one else of his coming?"

"Oh, as for that," she says, in a careless fashion, "he only mentioned it in going away—as a kind of possibility. If he had spoken of it to you, it might have looked like asking for an invitation. And perhaps he mayn't come, after all. I'm sure, if I were he, I wouldn't take the trouble."

"Probably not."

"I say," she continues, with a sudden change of manner (for she can be very friendly and confidential when she likes) "what made your wife look so strange last night when Mr. Duncombe was talking about Alfieri, and the Princess, and Prince Charles Edward?"

This was a large question, and one rather difficult to answer offhand; but just at this moment, as it happened, we were unexpectedly interrupted. There was a barge coming along, drawn by two donkeys, each with a nose-tin slung at its head; and along with them was a tall young bargeman, as handsome as Apollo, but with a sun-tan on his face and a mild fire in his eyes unknown to the marble figures in the Uffizi corridors. After a preliminary and rather diffident glance at the young lady, he made bold to ask us whether we were going on that day?

"Yes, certainly," was the answer.

"Then you'll have to make haste," said the sun-browned Apollo, "for they're going to repair Claydon Lock, and unless you get on at once, you won't get through till to-morrow."

Now, this was most unwelcome news; for, though it was well enough, once in a while, to spend a whole twenty-four hours by the side of a meadow, with speedwells, dandelions, reed-willows, swifts, water-rats, and an occasional sheep, as our only companions, still we felt that we had not been making sufficient progress, and we had certainly calculated on reaching Warwick that night. So there was nothing for it but to summon Murdoch forthwith, and bid him leave breakfast alone, and go and scour the neighbouring country in search of Captain Columbus and the Horse-Marine. Of course, all this commotion had been heard within. Mrs. Threepenny-bit made her appearance at the bow, and said she would hang the whole ship's company if she wasn't safely deposited in Warwick town that very evening. Jack Duncombe popped out his head astern, and said that as soon as he had got his boots on he would go off and help to find our crew—in

Cropredy they would be most likely, he added. In the midst of all this, Columbus, the horse, and the Horse-Marine simultaneously hove in sight; Murdoch, having espied them, at once returned to his duties in the pantry; and in the shortest time possible we were again under way, stealing along through the silent landscape.

Now, why was this young man so dense as not to see that on the previous evening he had grievously displeased his hostess by his flippant description of the fallen estate of Bonnie Prince Charlie? On this succeeding morning, at breakfast, he must needs revive the unlucky subject; and the moment he began he ought to have perceived that he was addressing Miss Peggy alone—Queen Tita preserved a prond silence, and would have nothing to do with him or his impudent projects.

"The fact is," said he, with a pleasant facetiousness, after he had been reviewing the subject all over again, "that there is something just a trifle too farcical in the scene in which the dissipated old blackguard finds his young wife spirited away from him—there is a Palais Royal touch about it that I shall have to steer clear of if I meddle with the thing at all. You see, this is how matters stood: the conspirators—that is Alfieri, and the Irishman, and his lady-friend, Madame Orlandini—they knew they would have some difficulty in getting the Princess safely away and into a convent, even after they had got the permission of the Grand Duke; the elderly husband had to be dealt with, and he was as jealous and as suspicious as the very mischief. Very well, this was how they managed: one morning Madame Orlandini called upon the Princess and her husband and asked them to drive with her to the convent—I forget the name of it—to see some articles manufactured by the nuns. It was a casual kind of visit, you understand. But when they got to the convent who should be there but the Irishman—quite by accident, of course—and as he was there any way, he naturally escorted the ladies up-stairs, leaving the Prince, who was fat and scant of breath, to follow as best he could. He did follow, and reached the landing; but the two ladies had disappeared; there was no one there but the Irishman, pretending to be very angry that he had been shut out. Then your Bonnie Prince Charlie—I suppose he was beginning to suspect a trick—began to knock violently;

"I wouldn't say it in print," continues this young man, confidentially: "I wouldn't sign my name to it in a review; but my private impression is that Alfieri has long before now been made a figure in literature. If 'Don Juan' wasn't suggested by some of Alfieri's earlier adventures—then I will eat my hat."

(This is the fashion in which young people of the present day discuss grave literary questions.)

"My belief is," continues our ingenuous young friend, as he contemplatively chips another egg, "my belief is that poetical genius is based on nothing more nor less than an infinite capacity for falling in love. What makes a bird sing? Alfieri says himself that it was always when he was in love with some woman (or another that) he produced his finest work—it was the desire to shine in her eyes that was his inspiration. Of course you want a certain amount of imagination to fall in love—I suppose the mass of mankind go through life without ever knowing what really being in love is, and without ever knowing that they don't know. But when you come to the people of great imagination, see how they can fall in love again and again—look at Goethe, at Burns, at Shelley, at Byron, at Milton!"

"At least," says Queen Tita, sharply, "Milton had the grace to marry the women he fell in love with."

"Well, it isn't everyone who gets the chance of marrying three times," says this young man, with cool effrontry. Miss Peggy looks amused, but keeps her eyes downcast. Mrs. Threepenny-bit, addressing Murdoch, who happens to come into the saloon, asks him to write out a list of any things he may want in Warwick. She adds that we shall have our meals at an hotel to-morrow, so that he may have the more time to look over the town and the castle. For there is one person on board to whom she is always civil; and that is because he is a Highlander.

Well, we got through Claydon Lock easily enough; and thereafter entered upon a long stretch of eleven miles without any lock at all. This was by far the most lonely district into which we had as yet penetrated: and as the canal is here on a high level, we had a sufficiently spacious view of the richly-cultivated but apparently uninhabited country. Far as the eye could reach there was nothing visible but fields, hedge-



Night came down. We passed under mysterious bridges.

and all the answer he got was that the Abbess appeared at a small grating and civilly informed him, from behind it, that his wife had been received into the convent and was now under the protection of the Grand Duchess. They say his rage was tremendous when he found out how he had been cheated; but the irate husband doesn't get much sympathy, especially if he is fat and elderly, and given to drink and beating his wife."

You should have seen Queen Tita's face all this time: she was far too indignant to speak.

"And did the Princess remain in the convent?" Miss Peggy asked—she being apparently as ignorant as he of the effect produced on their hostess by this happy-go-lucky recital.

"Oh, dear, no. The Pope allowed her to retire to Rome; and the carriage she drove in was guarded by an escort of horsemen, with Alfieri and the gay Irishman, both of them disguised and armed, on the box. I don't know that her husband ever saw her again. Why he didn't appeal to the Pope, I can't understand. Perhaps he wasn't in good odour—I suppose his habits were too notorious!"

How long was this to go on? In order to get him away at any hazard from this fatal topic, one ventured to hint that, from the point of view of literary morality, it was perhaps hardly quite fair to make a real person like Alfieri the hero of a romance or a play.

"Oh, as for that," said the young man, immediately and happily rising to the lure, "you know the private lives of the great poets have always been considered common property in the world of letters. Didn't you ever read the novel about Milton and his second wife?—I think it was the second one. Why, Shakespeare has figured in fiction, both in Germany and England, in every possible condition of life—as a young lover, as an actor and boon companion in London, as a country gentleman living quietly in Stratford. I've seen Voltaire on the French stage—a representation of himself personally, I mean. I don't see much difference between writing about them and painting them; and you get a picture of Shakespeare in his cradle—well, that is playing it pretty low down—and you get Dante wandering through the air with Beatrice. My belief is that Alfieri would have been very much offended if you had considered him a private person. He left his own memoirs!"

"Yes; and told us all about his life and his literary career that he thought it necessary should be known. Isn't that enough?"

rows, and upland heights, with here and there a clump of trees or perhaps a solitary barn, a bit of red showing pleasantly enough among the prevailing greens. The day was brightening up, too; sweet, mild airs were blowing; there was even, now and again, a ray of watery sunlight striking on some distant slope. We began to wonder whether we had at last escaped from the rain that had pursued us so incessantly; for of course we did not want our pretty Miss Peggy to go away back to America with the impression that England was a land of perpetual mists.

One thing was certain: neither mist nor rain nor any other kind of weather was likely to upset that young lady's equanimity. She would have proved an invaluable acquisition on board the Ark, if she had been given her banjo, and her knitting, and perhaps, also, a young man or two to make a hash of, just by way of filling in the time. On this breezy, soft-aired morning, the uncertain look about the weather had no fears for her. She was the first to be ready to leave the boat for a stroll along the bank. But she was not the first to get a horse; for Queen Tita called on her to wait; and Miss Peggy, sitting down complacently, amused herself by strumming "Oh, dem golden slippers!" until her friend was ready to join her.

And very soon, when all of us had got on land, we discovered Mrs. Threepenny-bit's dark design in thus carrying off the young lady all to herself. She was going to undo the evil that Jack Duncombe had done; and she happened to be very well qualified for the purpose. In the absolute silence of this uninhabited district, we two who were following could hear distinctly enough; and what we heard was an elaborate discourse on the character, career, and sad misfortunes of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, accompanied by such an abundance of minute detail and anecdote that even Miss Peggy was surprised, and was forced to ask her friend how she came to hear of all these things.

"Well," we overheard her say, "I suppose it was partly through our knowing the Camerons of Inverfask, and being interested that way; but all kinds of narratives and journals have been published, so that the whole story of Prince Charlie's adventures in the Highlands has been told, down to the smallest circumstance. What became of him after, or what he became—well, I never heard much about that; but what I do know is that there must have been something very extraordinary and fascinating about the character of a man who was able to do what he did. Fancy his landing at Borrodale with only seven companions—the Highland chiefs on whom

he most depended entirely opposed to the enterprise—the people not knowing him even by sight; and yet within a couple of months he had got together an enthusiastic army, had taken Edinburgh, had beaten the English General sent against him, and was fairly on his way to London. Surely the young man who could do that must have been possessed of some unusual qualities: don't you think so, Peggy? From the very outset it was one difficulty after another to get over; anyone with less courage and resolution would have given up the whole affair—anyone with less personal fascination of character—for it all depended on that—could have done nothing with men who tried from the very beginning to get him to go back. Boisdale—he was one of the Macdonalds, I think—went to see him even before he landed, and begged him to return to France. Young Clanranald assured him that the project was quite hopeless. Why, when Cameron of Lochiel—and everybody says there would have been no rising at all but for him—when he set out to meet the Prince he was as much opposed to it as any of them; and yet his brother, Cameron of Fassiefern, knew quite well what would happen if he came under his influence. Lochiel had to pass Fassiefern on his way—some day, Peggy, I hope you and I will have a drive along Glenfinnan, and I will show you all the places—and Fassiefern came out and tried hard to stop him. 'Brother,' he said, 'if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do whatever he pleases.' Of course Lochiel yielded like the others; and it was this same Lochiel—the 'gentle Lochiel'—long afterwards, after Culloden, when Prince Charlie and he and the rest of them were exiles in France—it was that same Lochiel who hung back from accepting the command of a French regiment that was offered him, and kept urging the Prince to make another effort in Scotland. And you think that this young Charles Stuart—coming almost alone to the country—could have induced those men to risk their lives, their estates, and the prospects of their families, without his having most unusual qualities of character—yes, and force of will, and personal courage as well?'

Now, it is to be observed that Miss Peggy had brought no such charge; she was listening to this laudation of Prince Charles with the most amiable attention; plainly the taunt was thrown out for the benefit of anyone who might be listening behind.

"Peggy," she continues (the arms of these two are inter-linked, and they are supposed to be in very private confabulation together; but somehow we hear every word), "I wish we could get Colonel Cameron to come along with us for a few days, just to show you what kind of men they were who joined the Young Chevalier. I think he is every way fit to be a kinsman of 'the gentle Lochiel'; but, gentle or no gentle, the Camerons can fight. And I suppose fighting is to be his trade to the end now. Poor Inverlast! I am quite sure he had always the idea of leaving the service as soon as he had scraped a little money together—for he is not very well off, you know—and settling down on his small place in the Highlands, and making what he could of it. I suppose he would take a command in the local militia; and if the place swallowed up too much in the way of improvements, I dare say he would have let the autumn shooting to some rich Liverpool or Birmingham man. But his young wife died—what a dear, gentle creature she was!—and so I suppose he will stick to his soldiering to the end. Well, at all events, when we get back to London, we must arrange an evening for him to come and dine with us, and then you will see the kind of man who went 'out' in '45; for I suppose a generation or two can't have made much difference in the blood, though all the circumstances are different. Do you know what blood was in the veins of Prince Charles Stuart?—the blood of John Sobieski; and he showed himself worthy of it. But still there must have been some extraordinary personal glamour about this young man that captured everyone he came across, rich and poor alike. The women, of course you know, all went mad about him; though they weren't all quite so lucky as Miss Edmonstone!"

"Who was she?" the innocent disciple asks; whereupon Mrs. Threepenny-bit smiles a little: perhaps she is trying to imagine Miss Peggy in Miss Edmonstone's place.

"That was when Prince Charles was marching south from Perth. The gentlewomen in the neighbourhood of Doune had come out to welcome him and offer him some refreshment; and it was the daughters of Mr. Edmonstone who were to serve him. Well, when he had drunk the wine and returned the glass, they asked to be permitted to kiss his Royal Highness's hand; but there was a cousin of theirs standing by who said she would rather 'pree his Royal Highness's mou.' Perhaps this was a little joke on her part; perhaps she counted on his not being able to understand—and he didn't understand, any more than you do, Peggy, my dear; but the speech was immediately explained to him by his companions, and at once he stooped down, and lifted the young lady in his arms, and kissed her heartily. So if it was a joke, she was paid out for it; but they say the other ladies of the district were very envious and thought she had got more than her share. They say, too, that his manner towards women was just the perfection of courtesy!"

If, at this moment, Jack Duncombe had dared to say a word, he would probably have muttered, "Yes; especially when he was beating his wife"; but the smallest remark would have been overheard; so he was compelled to go in silence, listening to this wild eulogium of Prince Charles—a eulogium that was not only in a manner levelled at his own head, but that also effectually deprived him of all chance of enjoying Miss Peggy's companionship during this morning's stroll.

He invariably rose whenever Flora Macdonald entered the room, no matter what business was going on. They say that when he was at Holyrood his charm of manner quite won the hearts of the young Scotch ladies, and that numbers of them—like Miss Lumsden—bade their lovers go and fight for Prince Charlie, or give them up for ever. Yes; and some of them gave him more substantial aid. Did you ever hear of Colonel Anne, Peggy?"

"No," answers Miss Peggy.

And here again the small mite of a woman laughs a little; for she has a prodigious and heroic valour of imagination, though she will skip on to a chair at sight of a black-beetle.

"She was the wife of Mackintosh of Mackintosh; and while he was a Captain in the loyal Militia, she raised a whole regiment for the Chevalier—of her own clan and the Farquharsons; and joined them herself. The joke of it was that her husband was some time afterward taken prisoner and brought into her presence. 'Your servant, Captain,' she said. 'Your servant, Colonel,' he answered. There is another story told about her that will show you what spirit she had. After Culloden she was taken prisoner and sent to London; but they set her free before long; and the Duke of Cumberland invited her to a ball, and to the ball she went. Very well; the first tune played was 'Up and waur them a', Willie' and Cumberland asked her to dance with him, which she did; then she said, 'Now that I have danced to your tune, will you dance to mine?' Of course, he couldn't refuse; and what must she do but call for 'The auld Stuarts back again!' Well; she had her revenge; but

still—still, I think I would rather not have heard of brave Colonel Anne dancing with Butcher Cumberland."

Here the rampant little Jacobite was interrupted by a distant sound that gradually came nearer and nearer and increased and increased until we knew by the whirr and rattle that a train was going by somewhere, though we could not see it. The disturbance was quite startling in the silence to which we had grown used; we resented it almost; it was a message from the far-outside world to people who had forsaken it, and almost forgotten the existence of railway-stations, and porters, and hansom-cabs. But presently the hubbub had ceased; stillness reigned around; we were left alone once more with the silent woods and meadows, the placid water, and the pale sunlight that here and there warmed the upland slopes, under the darker sky-line of the trees.

"Then there was Lady Kilmarnock," continues this furious partisan of five-foot-three (and all this is for the pious edification of Miss Peggy, who has been tampered with by heretics); "she didn't raise a regiment; but I don't know that she didn't do Prince Charles a greater service still. Well; well, Peggy, it's a terrible story of a woman's duplicity; I hope you will never do such a thing, even for a Prince Charlie. But she happened to be at Callander House when General Hawley and his English troops arrived to drive away the Highlanders from the siege of Stirling; and on the very morning of the battle of Falkirk she sent an invitation to General Hawley to come and breakfast with her. I think he might have suspected; Lord Kilmarnock was with the Prince;

world.' And another—Lady Mary Cochrane that was—stayed on board all night, and begged Miss Macdonald to let her share her cabin, so that she might say that she had had the honour of lying in the same bed with one who had been so happy as to be guardian to her Prince. And even that was nothing to the enthusiasm that Flora created in London, after she was set free, and living as the guest of Lady Primrose—"

"Hi! You people in front there! What is all this farago about the '45 Rebellion? What are you trying to prove?"

Mrs. Threepenny-bit turns round for a second.

"I am trying to prove," she says, with audacious calmness, "that it is impossible for Peggy to go back to America without having met Colonel Cameron: she must see what a Highlander is like."

It was about mid-day that our Argonauts were greatly surprised—and perhaps a little bit cheered—by spying in the far distance a cluster of human habitations. Perched on the top of a hill was a conspicuous toy of a church; and along the slopes and trending down to the valley was a straggling mass of houses and cottages, the red brick and blue slate of which gave the place an odd purple look in the middle of the wide green landscape. It was the village of Napton, we learned, where we were to leave the Oxford canal and turn off westward by the Napton and Warwick. But before reaching the junction we had of course to descend from the high level that had yielded us so (historically) interesting a walk; and as the operation of going down a hill, by means of a series of canal-locks, is just a trifle tedious, we abandoned our noble vessel to the care of Captain Columbus and the Horse Marine, and took refuge in the saloon, where luncheon was already laid out.

Now it is just possible that by this time our young Dramatist had begun to perceive what a fatal mistake he had made the night before; but he need not now have proceeded deliberately to make matters worse by proposing modifications of his unhappy scheme. He would have been much wiser to have said not one word more about the unlucky book or play, whichever it was to be. He was clever at dressing salads, and opening cases of tinned meats; and might have confined himself to these useful occupations. But no. Perhaps it grieved him to see Miss Peggy so completely carried off from him, to be lectured about the Highland clans. Perhaps he thought that by currying favour with this Jenny Wren of a Jacobite he might hope to have a little of the younger lady's companionship restored to him. At all events, we had scarcely sat down at table, when he began, quite jauntily and airily—

"Well, Miss Rosslyn, what do you think of the young Chevalier now? I heard you were being shown a different picture of him this morning. Oh, yes, there is much to be said on that side; and I dare say, at one period of his life, he must have been rather an attractive and interesting kind of personage. Of course I take the later period—my story happens then; and it is necessary for my purpose that there should be a dark foil to the brilliant character of Alfieri—the darker the better. And yet, you know, if I should ever take up the thing, I don't think I would represent Bonnie Prince Charlie, even in his later days, as being absolutely contemptible!"

(This was the young man's idea of putting matters straight!)

"—no, not absolutely contemptible. I would have glimpses of his former self appear through his drunken stupor; I would make him maulder about his brave Highlanders, and all that kind of thing, don't you know. My private impression is that it was his brave Highlanders who taught him the use of the whisky-bottle—still, I suppose when they were skulking in the hills they were glad to get anything—and he must have come through a good deal of privation when he was being hunted from island to island!"

And at last Queen Tita breaks silence; she can bear this no longer.

"Privation!" she says, with a touch of indignant tremor in her voice. "Yes, privation such as might make people silent with pity over whatever he became towards the end of his life. I don't know what that was; I would rather not inquire; I suppose few have ever experienced such cruel disappointments and mortifications; and I don't know what habits he may have acquired in these later years; but I do know this—I know that when he was crossing from Uist to Skye, they had with them only half-a-bottle of white wine—it was all the soldiers had left at Clanranald's house—and he would not touch it: every drop was to be saved for Flora Macdonald. And I know that when Malcolm Macleod was guiding him across Skye, and there was only one glass of brandy, he made Malcolm drink it, as needing it more than himself. I remember," she continues, turning to Miss Peggy, as if the young man were no longer worth talking to, "being told where that bottle is still preserved, for Macleod hid it in the heather, and picked it up afterwards. Well, there is this to be said, Peggy: that in all the privations they had to go through—starving for days sometimes, and sleeping in wet caves at night—the Prince always kept the most undaunted heart of them all. He would turn his hand to anything—kindling a fire, cooking a dinner when they had anything to cook, hauling a boat up on shore, or singing songs to cheer the sailors when they were dead-beat with their rowing. Old men, who had fought for him at Culloden, and made their way back to the glens, burst into tears when they found him in such a pitiable plight; but he was always stout-hearted and cheerful and making the best of his circumstances. And very ungrateful he must have been, in these later years, whatever he was, if he did not think sometimes of his brave Highlanders. Such loyalty, I do believe, was never seen before. Imagine those poor people, each one of them knowing that he or she could go and get £30,000 by telling the nearest Captain of Militia where the Prince was hiding, and not one of them yielding to the temptation! Why, at Coradale, in Uist, there were more than a hundred people knew quite well where he was, and not one of them would betray him. The very officers who were searching for him could not help admiring such faithfulness. Just think of this, Peggy—there was a poor fellow called Macleod—Macleod or Macdonald, I forget which—who had piloted the boat the Prince escaped in, and he was taken prisoner, and brought before General Campbell. He confessed at once to having been with the Prince. 'Don't you know,' said the General to him, 'what money is put on that gentleman's head? No less than £30,000, which would have made you and your family happy for ever.' 'What, then?' was the answer of the poor fellow. 'What though I had gotten it? My conscience would have got the better of me, and I would not have enjoyed it two days. And although I could have gotten all England and Scotland put together, I would not have allowed a hair of his head to be injured, since he was under my care.' Do you know what the General said, Peggy? He said, 'I cannot much blame you.' And surely you cannot think that such extraordinary devotion could have been aroused except by one who had some very unusual qualities of character? Mind you, it wasn't merely their loyalty to their chiefs. When young Clanranald hesitated at the beginning, his clan told him they would go out, whether he headed them or not. No, I don't seek to know what habits



A tall young bargeman.

she was known to be a warm adherent of the Stuarts. However, she was very good-looking and very charming; and Hawley thought he could drive the Highlanders away just whenever he pleased; and so he went. Yes, Peggy, he went; and it was a bad day for him that he did. Even when his own officers sent him word that the Highlanders were in motion, he wouldn't come away from Callander House. They say that Lady Kilmarnock had very pleasant manners; and of course she would talk about something interesting—history, perhaps—English history, perhaps—do you hear, Peggy?"

"Yes?" says the young lady, innocently.

"By mid-day," the duodecimo historian continues, "Prince Charles had made all his arrangements for an attack; and the English were without their General. He was still at Callander House."

"And what was the end of it?" asks Miss Peggy.

"Why, the English lost the battle of Falkirk, that was all; and General Hawley, who had been enjoying the interesting conversation of Lady Kilmarnock all the morning, was in the evening in full retreat towards Linlithgow."

"Ah, I see," observes Miss Peggy, gravely. "You might say that he had run his ship fast aground—opposite Magna Charta island."

"Yes," observes Mrs. Threepenny-bit—who is far too eager in her proselytising to heed this piece of impertinence, "the women of Scotland did what they could for Bonnie Prince Charlie! I wonder, Peggy, if I could get for you some account of the homage they paid to Flora Macdonald when she was at Leith, in the ship that was taking her a prisoner to London. Whole crowds of ladies, many of them persons of great distinction, went to see her, and took all kinds of presents with them. One of them said, 'I could wipe your shoes with pleasure, and would count it an honour so to do.' Another said 'Surely you are the happiest woman in the

the disappointed and unhappy man may have fallen into in his last years; but it was no mean or contemptible person who could awaken such loyalty and devotion; and, what is more, it was no mean or contemptible person who, even after his misfortunes, was so much of a hero to the people of Paris that the French King himself was vexed and envious because of his great popularity and the admiration and sympathy that were shown for him. Mr. Duncombe, you may turn the Young Chevalier into a drunken old reprobate, if you like; but I think you will make a mistake; for one thing, you will get no one to believe you."

This was a pretty warm defence of the last of the Stuarts, coming as it did from a small mite of an Englishwoman who had picked up her Jacobite sentiments simply through having stayed on one or two occasions at Inverfask House and been told something about the relics in the hall there. And as Jack Duncombe was beginning to make a few feeble excuses—saying he might not take up the subject at all—and that, if he did, he would introduce reminiscences of the hapless Prince's more heroic days—suddenly a shaft of sunlight shot into the saloon; and, that being always a welcome signal, it was suggested by one of us to Miss Peggy that she might come outside and take the tiller, and see a little more of the country of England.

Despite that stray shaft of sunlight, however, we found the day had not improved during our sojourn within; there was now half-a-gale sweeping over from the south-west; the yellow waters of the canal were driven into lapping waves; and a reservoir hard by—near to Stockton Grange it is—was changed into a miniature sea, with white foam springing from its embankments. It was all very striking and picturesque, no doubt—the bent and swaying trees, the hurrying clouds with their purple shadows and silvery lights, and the occasional gleams of sunshine that struck here and there on spinney or hill; but we began to wish, in the most modest and respectful way (and especially as we should be wandering through the Forest of Arden within the next day or two) for just a trifle of decently quiet weather. We were not landscape artists. We had promised ourselves still moonlight nights in these remote districts, with Miss Peggy and her banjo at the bow of the boat, trying to charm the fairies out into the open glades with a kind of music they had never heard before. But now we were encountering nothing but a series of juvenile tornadoes; and we were beginning to feel annoyed.

Nevertheless, that evening improved very considerably; the wind abating; the clouds banking themselves up into heavy masses overhead; while along the western skies there were silver rifts that seemed slowly and steadily widening. Indeed, the heavy darkness overhead made that white glory in the west all the more vivid and alluring; and when, at length, through some sudden parting of the clouds, a flood of sunlight swept across the corn-fields and the hedges and the daisied meadows, the effect was quite bewildering. It was Miss Peggy who was at the helm. She insisted that she could not see, the glare was so strong. So we had the boat stealthily stopped; Murdoch was quietly summoned; those people within—the one of them letter-writing, the other, no doubt, inventing situations sufficient to make a Strand audience gasp with emotion—were left to themselves; and the two congenial souls on board this ship—the two who were not likely to let their friendship strike and founder on any idiotic rock of historical sentiment—were free to walk away by themselves into that western world of light, conversing on subjects so serious and exalted that it would be a pity to put them down here, lest they should be misunderstood.

The evening drew on apace; but momentarily it became more beautiful. It really seemed as if we had come out from under those lurid storm clouds into a region of mellow radiance and perpetual calm. The still surface of the canal was a golden pathway before us; overhead, such spaces of the sky as were now clear were of a pale blue, just touched here and there with a flake of saffron cloud. Of course, this brilliancy could not last. Slowly the wild fires in the west paled down. As we drew near to Radford Simele (we were all on board again now) there was a wan twilight on the water; and as we stole through the outskirts of Leamington Priors the windows and lamps gleamed orange through the gathering grey dusk.

Night came down. We passed under mysterious bridges. Here and there a mass of black building or a tall chimney rose into the faintly lilac sky; here and there a yellow ray of light burned in the dark. We could hear, but barely see, our noble Captain and his crew as they made their way through the prevailing gloom. And then it seemed to us as if we were passing into the country again. Where was Warwick? We knew that it was but a mile or two from Leamington; but here we were among meadows, with no more sign of a town than we had met with on the lonely level between Claydon Lock and Napton Hill. In the midst of our perplexity, the Nameless Barge—that has been coming through these sombre shades as noiselessly as a bat—slowly ceases to move; and Captain Columbus appears with his report.

We must remain where we are, it seems; for the next lock-gate is locked. Warwick is three-quarters of a mile away, across the fields. Then comes the question, put to the popular vote, as to whether we should make our way into the town (there is a moon somewhere behind the clouds, and those meadows are beginning to show grey, with the hedges black between) or spend the evening on board, with such entertainment as we may be able to devise for ourselves. It is unanimously resolved that we remain on board.

Late that night, Mrs. Threepenny-bit happened to bethink her of putting postage-stamps on the letters that had occupied her in the afternoon; and while doing so she pushed one of the envelopes across the little table to Miss Peggy.

"There, Peggy, do you see to whom I have been writing?" The young lady took up the letter and read the address, "To Colonel Sir Ewen Cameron, V.C., K.C.B., Aldershot Camp, Hampshire"; and upon her asking what "V.C." meant, her hostess seemed quite proud to give her the information. But with regard to the contents of the letter (which one of us made bold to suspect were the concrete result of all the vague historical squabbling that had taken place during the day) the astute small person chose to hold her peace.

(To be continued.)

Lord Herschell has consented to act as chairman of the Royal Commission to Inquire into the Allegations against the Metropolitan Board of Works.

At the anniversary meeting of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland, held on March 1, Dr. James Bell, Principal of the Chemical Department, Somerset House, was elected president.

Sir George Elliot, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of the Eastern Division of South Wales, presided at the annual festival in aid of the funds of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, held on Feb. 29 at Freemasons' Tavern. The chairman made a strong appeal on behalf of the institution, which gives £40 a year to brethren elected on its funds, and £32 a year to widows of Freemasons. There was a total subscription of £15,081, London contributing £5752 14s. and the provinces £9329.

## NEW BOOKS: TRAVELS.

*Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia.* By Sir Austen Henry Layard, G.C.B. Two vols. (Murray).—These volumes might as well have been published forty years ago. Their distinguished author has rendered great services to archaeology, especially by his excavations of the ruins of Nineveh, which he undertook in 1845; and he has discharged political and diplomatic offices of high importance. Yet the mere autobiographical interest of a part of his life, preceding the first of those remarkable exploits, may be insufficient to attract the ordinary reader. His personal observations of many districts which are still rather difficult of access, both in the Turkish and in the Persian Empire, afford much instruction in the geography of Western Asia. But they are less valuable now than at the time when they were made, as contributing either to the study of ancient history, or to acquaintance with the modern and actual condition of those countries. It is due, in some measure, to Sir Henry Layard's successful example, in bringing to light, and placing in the British Museum, the remains of the wonderful monuments of Assyrian and Babylonian magnificence, that every student of the characteristics of the five or six great ancient monarchies, which successively ruled these parts of the world and a great deal more, during at least twenty centuries, is now furnished with books, as well as pieces of sculpture and architecture, telling us much that was not known at the period of his first visit to that region. We should be glad to believe, also, that the present state of affairs in Asiatic Turkey and Persia was now so greatly altered for the better, since 1840 and three or four years following, when Mr. Layard, then a young traveller on his own private account, wandered about Syria, Mesopotamia, and the mountainous country of Luristan, that his accounts of the people and of the administration would no longer represent the facts of our own time. But we fear that there has been little or no substantial improvement, especially in Persia; for information on which subject, however, the books of recent travellers ought rather to be consulted. With these necessary deductions from the value of a narrative dated so long ago, Sir Henry Layard's "early adventures," and his personal observations before 1845, may still find many readers. He has not the talent of describing scenery, or that of giving dramatic liveliness and humour to the actions and expressions of the various persons whom he met; and we do not enjoy the minute particularity with which, at this distance of time, he dwells on all sorts of petty troubles, vexations, and discomforts, which were doubtless very trying and disagreeable to a solitary Englishman, unattended by servants of his own, and often scantily provided with money. He had to rough it, in 1840, in the deserts of Edom, Moab, and the Hauran, and in the Lebanon and Northern Palestine, experiencing severe wintry weather, incessant rain, hail, sleet, or snow, and losing all that he carried with him, except his ragged clothes and worn-out shoes, till he became a penniless vagrant, indebted to the kindness of a foreign Jew at Tiberias for help to continue his journey. Those youthful experiences are fitly contrasted with the comparative luxury and dignity of his arrival at Damascus in 1878, when, as British Ambassador to the Sultan, he was received by Midhat Pasha with a ceremonious and sumptuous welcome. It was impossible for one so poorly furnished with means as Mr. Layard in those first excursions, to make any profitable antiquarian researches; and it does not seem that he then accomplished any useful work in the region which has since been thoroughly investigated by the agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He is next found at Baghdad, with Mr. Mitford, preparing to enter Persia. But they soon parted company, the latter going from Hamadan to Teheran, with an intention to reach Afghanistan by the northern road crossing Khorassan, which our Special Artist, Mr. Simpson, has made very familiar to us; while Mr. Layard, with the Shah's permission, made his way southward to Isphahan, and travelled in the rugged highlands east of the Tigris, sojourning with the wild Bakhtiyari tribes, a fierce, unruly, half-savage race of mountaineers. At Isphahan, and at other Persian towns, and on the high road, though he was civilly treated by the local governors, many annoyances were inflicted on him by the treachery and dishonesty of the official guides; and he endured some insults from Mussulman fanatics of the Shiah sect. But the principal native chieftain of the Bakhtiyari, Mohammed Taki Khan, residing in the fortress of Kala Tul, proved a noble-minded, gallant, and chivalrous gentleman. The most pleasing and affecting incidents that we find in the whole narrative are those relating to this brave and generous man and his family; his wife, the Khatun-jan Khanum, a lady of frank and amiable manners, who sat unveiled with her English guest; his children, one of whom Mr. Layard cured of a fever, and his three brothers. Mr. Layard was quite taken into their domestic confidence, and he engages our sympathy for the misfortunes that soon came upon them; Mohammed Taki having indulged a scheme, which seemed justifiable, of gaining his political independence, relying on British support, as war between England and Persia was thought imminent at the time of our first Afghan war. The atrocious iniquity, cruelty, and corruption of the Persian rule might, at any time, cause that empire to be broken up; and we suppose it to be not impossible that Luristan, with Khuzistan and the north-east shore of the Persian Gulf, may even yet become a separate State, in the event of a Russian conquest of Northern Persia. The events of that period, occupying above half the first and half the second of these two volumes, have a sustained historical interest which commends them to perusal; and, though Sir Henry Layard discreetly refrains from political speculations, it may be worth while, some day, to consult his account of those warlike mountaineers, whose high-spirited and intelligent chief became his personal friend. Mohammed Taki died in 1851, a prisoner at Teheran; and his fate, with the afflictions of his family and his people, lends a special interest to this book. The remaining chapters are partly devoted to the author's first examination of the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and of the site of Nineveh, accompanying M. Botta, the French Consul at Mosul; partly to experiences in European Turkey, Servia, and Albania, with some employment under Sir Stratford de Redcliffe, to October, 1845, after which he proceeded to his work of Assyrian researches.

*The English in the West Indies: or, The Bow of Ulysses.* By James Anthony Froude (Longmans).—A fortnight of steam-ship voyage south-west from England will carry any of us who shudders at the advent of our chilling winter to British islands that enjoy a delicious climate in that season, and which present some of the most beautiful scenes on the globe, with very interesting historical associations. Mr. Froude, the most skilful of English prose writers at this day, can make an agreeable book on any topic; and his narrative of a trip round the West Indies, at the beginning of last year, is only second in attractiveness to the charming "At Last!" of the late Charles Kingsley. The route which was taken by Mr. Froude, in about an equal portion of time, was somewhat more comprehensive, as it included not only the Windward Isles and Trinidad, but also Jamaica, and some points of Cuba and Hayti or San Domingo. He is, besides, more of a political censor and controversialist than Mr. Kingsley, and

never forgets to maintain his thesis, set forth in "Oceana" and in several other writings, concerning the right government of the Colonial Empire. Upon this, as upon the Irish question, there would seem to be continual occasion for the extreme severity of his scornful indignation, since wherever Mr. Froude goes, abroad or at home, persons will say to him privately, if nobody ever said in public, such things as were never heard of before, and it is remarked that these sayings are sometimes disavowed by those from whom he heard them. He has left off giving their names; and it might be too curious now to ask whether the Colonial Office knows who was the high official, seventeen years ago, who told him that a decision had then been irrevocably taken to allow all the West Indian colonies to become free republican communities, if they chose, or to join the United States. We suspect that this intention was as mythical as the famous anecdote, repeated by Lord Palmerston, of a Radical orator at Manchester declaring that he would not mind a French invasion of England, so long as it did not stop the Manchester cotton trade. But to Mr. Froude's general views of the most expedient system for ruling the West Indies, and all the "Crown Colonies" where the vast majority of the population consists either of negroes or other non-European races, we entirely assent. A popular representative legislature, admitting those races to the franchise indiscriminately with the white men, is either a futile and pernicious delusion, or the sure way to anarchy, irreconcileable strife, and the utter ruin of the European settlements. Mr. Froude does well in his emphatic protest against every such proposal; and we agree with him that the West Indies, excepting perhaps British Guiana, might be conveniently ruled on a system analogous to that of the British Indian Empire. If they were united, as he seems to approve, under a statesmanlike Governor-General, with his Council, there might be a special West Indian Civil Service, corresponding with the Indian Civil Service, and a West Indian Council to advise the Secretary of State in London. We believe that this would be an effective and beneficial Constitution for the West Indies, the actual situation of which is unsatisfactory and precarious, as dependencies of Great Britain, to a degree not generally observed. It is not merely that their direct trade with this country is stationary, or even declining, while their trade with the United States has been increasing; the old social influences of the British connection are losing their hold on those islands, with the exception of Barbadoes, and perhaps Antigua, until only the naval power of Great Britain might defend some of them, in certain contingencies, from relapsing under foreign dominion. This is a real danger; and it alarms the patriotism of the author, not less than his philanthropy is offended by the demoralising laxity of the industrial conditions under which the negroes are now living, already exceeding a million and a half of people. He does not, though an ethical disciple of Carlyle, express any regret for the abolition of slavery, but declares that the children of the emancipated blacks are the happiest, sleekest, merriest peasantry on earth. Their felicity, however, depends on the continuance of British rule; if left to themselves, in his opinion, they would again fall into heathen savagery, and become like those of Hayti, who are said to be cannibals and eaters of babies. He dined with a highly-educated pure negro, a lawyer, the Chief Justice of Barbadoes, with whom he had an interesting conversation, and who "expressed a passionate anxiety that it might be found possible to remove so black a stain from his unfortunate race." Mr. Froude speaks very kindly of the negroes everywhere in the British colonies, and is not angry that they prefer an easy life on their small plots of garden-ground, or on the abundant fruits of the groves, to hard labour in the sugar plantations for very scanty wages; nor is he much shocked that they like temporary illegitimate connections better than marriage. When in Jamaica, he sojourned a while at the former residence of Mr. G. W. Gordon, the mulatto political agitator of 1865, whose summary execution by Governor Eyre he does not pretend altogether to justify; but he omits to notice the massacre of 435 unresisting people, and the flogging of 1100 men and women, most of whom had never gone near the scene of the brief local insurrection, some days after it was suppressed. Those cruelties, perpetrated by the white Volunteers of Jamaica, without any form of trial, appear to us quite as strong a reason as any outrages ever committed by negroes, for establishing in Jamaica a strict and impartial rule over both races, directly and solely responsible to the Crown. We are therefore not substantially at issue with Mr. Froude on the question of colonial government, while we are entertained by many passages of bright and picturesque description, stirring historical reminiscences of the achievements of English sailors and adventurers in the Caribbean Sea, and recollections of the stately prosperity of West Indian planters and merchants in the old times which have passed away. The present distress of that once favoured and fortunate class of our fellow-subjects, arising from the low price of sugar, is beyond legislative remedy; we understand, indeed, that the climate of Jamaica and of the Antilles is less favourable to sugar-growing than that of Brazil, and physical causes have put the West Indies at a disadvantage in the competition, since cheapness has ruled the market. If this be true, the economic welfare of our islands must be sought in the cultivation of other kinds of produce, which we sincerely hope will restore their wealth, and render them as happy, under wise government, as they are beautiful and delightful by nature. It must be almost worth the voyage across the Atlantic to visit Dominica alone. The author spent three weeks at Havana, and found the Spaniards in Cuba more successful colonists than the dwindling remnant of English in our own islands. There is no slavery in Cuba now, and the negro element is not obtrusive. Of Hayti, he saw nothing but the towns of Jaemel and Port-au-Prince, with which he was intensely disgusted.

Mr. H. W. Battey has been unanimously elected to represent the Walbrook Ward in the Court of Common Council, in the place of Mr. Deputy Bateman, deceased.

The Duke of Westminster presided at the annual meeting in connection with the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood, held on March 1 at Grosvenor House, and commended the methods of instruction pursued at the college.

At a special meeting of the governors of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, under the presidency of Earl Cadogan, Mr. Martin R. Smith was unanimously elected chairman, in the place of the late Mr. Harvey Farquhar, and Mr. Alfred Farquhar was nominated for election as treasurer.

Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, will open the Grand Bazaar Français, to be held on March 13 and two following days, in the Kensington Townhall, in aid of the unendowed French Protestant charities in London, placed under the superintendence of Pasteur Du Pontet de la Harpe, B.D.

At the Royal Institution, the Rev. W. H. Dallinger on March 8 began a course of three lectures on microscopic work with recent lenses on the least and simplest forms of life; and Mr. William Archer begins to-day, the 10th, a course of three lectures on the modern drama—French, Scandinavian, and English.

## "TAKEN BY SURPRISE."

The furtive malice of "Reineke Fuchs," which is the varied theme of an ancient satirical poem celebrated among the early productions of German literature, and skilfully modernised by Goethe, has always been a favourite topic with German popular story-tellers, and has frequently afforded a congenial subject for the artists of that nation. One of the complainants against the sly marauder, at the Royal Court of King Lion, is the simple-minded Hare; and some of his innocent family, "taken by surprise" in the rustic scene depicted by Herr Weinburger, seem to be in the most imminent danger of a deadly onslaught, the cruelty of which may be excused by considering that it is "the nature of the beast." After all, the killing and eating of hares cannot, except in connection with the crime of poaching, be denounced consistently with the established usages of mankind. The fox could make out a good plea of justification against the sportsman, and might even attempt to show cause why he himself should not be hunted for the mere amusement of the chase.

DEMERA RA :  
A SKETCH.

Four thousand odd miles away, on the north-eastern shore of South America, vaguely bounded by its Dutch namesake, by Brazil, and by Venezuela, lies the Crown Colony of British Guiana. Clothed in primæval forest and savannah, it is a maze of untutored greenery, but for the cool darkness of its many deep rivers and the bright verdure of the cane-fields of the littoral. Immortalised by the romantic Quixotism of the adventurous Raleigh, scandalised by the frolicsome Mrs. Aphra Behn's sensuous imagination, it now affects the Anglo-Saxon mind mainly through the medium of our grocers' shop-windows, where the words "Choic Demerara" convey a saccharine suggestion of the various resources of the British Empire. But Demerara stands for more than sugar. It is the name of a Guiana county, of a Guiana river, and, to all intents and purposes, covers Georgetown, which stands at the mouth of that river, is the capital of our one South American possession, and probably a more charming and attractive city than any in the West Indies.

The first sensation of the voyager, if he has approached Georgetown after a preliminary transit from St. Thomas through the islands to Trinidad, is one of disappointment. After those glorious parades which rise from the blue sea through every extravagance of quite bewildering loveliness to cloud-capped mountain heights, rugged with ravine and picturesquely fair beyond all manner of expression, a shore unmitigatedly Dutch comes as a damper. The distance between the light-ship on the Bar and the entrance to the Demerara River passed over—your barque cleaving its way through waters not unlike pea-soup in colour—you are all at once aware of the presence of an important port. Alongside busy wharves, locally "stellings," are long lines of merchant-men lading or discharging after an Atlantic voyage. Mixed with these are smaller coasting and river craft. Away over the shipping rise white towers and roofs of glistening grey and slate, and everywhere in the air above the houses waves the graceful canopy of the palm-tree. A vertical sun, which fills the heavens with heat and dazzling brightness, discourages the eye from wandering nearer the empyrean than the arboreal summits, as seen at some little distance. Arriving on land, Water-street is entered. This is the commercial centre of Demerara. As a place of business and trade, the life of the colony is concentrated in this long thoroughfare. As in Europe all roads lead to Rome, so in British Guiana all ways lead to Water-street. The merchants in Water-street, and many of their clerks, are English and Scotch; but numbers also are of mixed blood. A few are Portuguese. People of this nationality are more generally found in humbler business walks. They are the publicans of the colony, and carry on haberdashery extensively. In Water-street will be seen a few Chinese, permanent settlers from a former coolie immigration, an Indian of the "Bush" here and there almost as unattired as our oyster without its shell, coolies of the Orient, employed or

to be employed on one of the great sugar estates, mingled black and coloured labourers and servants.

As Georgetown is a capital, it is the home of a large number of Government officials. Happier than the men of business, their working-hours are only from ten to four, when the sun is at its best or worst. With the merchants and the better-class employés they constitute "society," which, again, has for its centre Government House. Here there are, or used to be, Saturday receptions, tennis-parties, and pleasant dinners, these milder convivialities blossoming out into a ball if a warship arrived, and always on the Queen's birthday. Dancing is invariably conducted with much spirit, though the ardent votaries of Terpsichore after a few waltzes are as if they

will be studied in the quasi-public, lofty, airy, and well-fitted chamber, as cool as most things in Demerara outside the Ice-house and domestic ice-jugs. If we are reading—the time seven in the morning—we may be sure that such characters as we possess are being discounted at this very moment at the Ice-house, where Demerara's multitudinous cooks—an array almost as imposing as that of the washers—are buying the day's ice and American vegetables, and, at the same time, comparing notes about their respective masters and mistresses, with shrill cachinnation or lugubrious lament, emphasising the climax in the ascending gamut of "wutlessness."

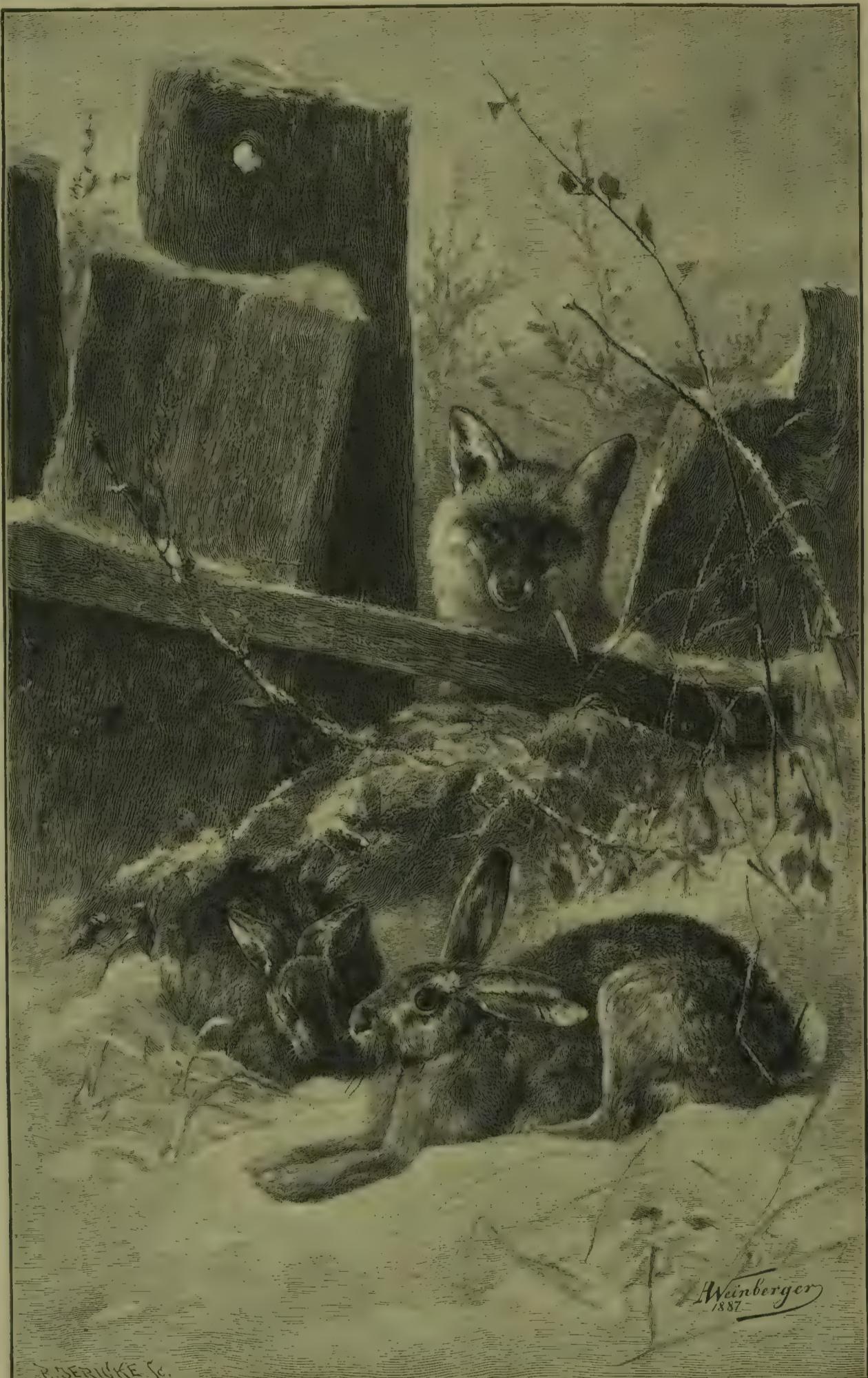
Most folk have a substantial breakfast at nine or ten. Salt fish is invariably a first course. Meat of some sort, steaks or chops, is eaten. Fruit, though not quite so delightful as our youthful dreams associated with the lands "where every prospect pleases" and most men are "niggers," is still abundant and various. The old proverb "that fruit in the morning is gold, at midday silver, and in the evening lead," is not neglected. I must not, however, forget to mention that the bath before coffee, when one liberally deluges oneself from a capacious calabash, can only be sufficiently described in the way I have heard an enthusiastic reporter characterise the sherry given to Trinity House banqueters—as "a poem." When one thinks of it, the poetry of the emotions is certainly the only adequate vehicle for the reminiscence.

After work is done, Demerara prepares to enjoy the remaining hour or two of daylight. Carriages gather on the sea-wall, where youth and beauty promenade or lounge on seats, while the militia band discourses in "notes, with many a winding bout of linked sweetness," or at any rate in a style agreeable to the loungers and not inferior to the average European performance. In the intervals between the music, the evening cool and quiet is stirred with the murmur of voices and theplash of the ocean on the long stretch of pebbly beach. There is the Botanical Garden, too, much resorted to, and reflecting in its artistically arranged variations of lakelet and lawn and floral display, credit on Colonial taste. Now the shades of night fall suddenly, the fireflies commence their sparklings, "swizzles" foam in ice-cold piuk in a hundred dimly lighted embowered verandahs. Foo-foo soup and dinner are waiting for Demerara, and if there is no company at the theatre, no big dance on, there will be music, or cards, or gossip till it is time to draw the mosquito-curtains and to fall asleep to the melodious song of that thirsty little insect. Such, more or less, is the mode of existence in the community whose prosperity is based upon the sugar so much commended by our tradesmen.

F. B.

## THE GIPSY QUEEN.

Romance has sometimes exaggerated, we believe, the physical beauty of the pure Gipsy race, which is considered by scientific ethnologists to have had its origin among the hill tribes of Northern India, and to have emigrated, in the Middle Ages, through Persia and Syria into Egypt and Asia Minor, entering Eastern Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century. These wandering tribes received different names, in various European countries, from the lands



"TAKEN BY SURPRISE."—PICTURE BY A. WEINBURGER.  
From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl, Munich.

had been enjoying a Turkish bath in full dress, and the most numerous assembly would fail ignominiously if it attempted to provide one dry handkerchief to wipe away a tear from beauty. But for this undercurrent phenomenon, which is one of the great tropical facts, balls in Demerara are much like balls anywhere else, except that, perhaps, the general quality of the dancing reaches a higher level than in Great Britain.

Demerara rises soon after six, and for those whose labours do not commence till ten, there are three or four good hours for reading or writing. As far as reading is concerned, there is an admirable library and newspaper room, abutting on Water-street, in which almost all new books can be obtained, and every English leading magazine and newspaper conned, including *The Illustrated London News*, for a moderate entrance-fee and subscription. The daily Colonial paper will, probably, be consumed with the matutinal coffee at home. The state of social and political thought and opinion in the Temperate Zone

nearest to where they first became known in Christendom: some, coming immediately from Egypt, along the shores of the Mediterranean, were called "Gipsies" or "Gitanos"; those who travelled north of the Balkans, moving westward from the Slav States to the German-speaking provinces, obtained the name of Roumanians or "Rommany," and subsequently that of "Bohemians"; but they called themselves "Zingari," which name, with slight modifications, they retained in Italy, in Spain, and in the eastern parts of Germany, where they are known as "Zigeuner." The handsome woman portrayed by a German artist, Herr Sichel, in the picture we have engraved, bears her stately head. Some of these people in Russia, we are told, often display remarkable talent as accomplished musicians, so that now and then one has made a figure on the opera stage, or in the ballet, at theatres of high celebrity.



"THE GIPSY QUEEN."—PICTURE BY N. SICHEL.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

## ONE'S WIFE.

It is, I think, very much to be doubted whether, since the world began, any man has ever fully appreciated the blessing of a good wife. I hear murmurs of dissent from many readers—well, I grant that all, or most of us, have a vague conviction that we owe something, more or less—are in some way or other indebted—to the partner of our joys and sorrows; but it is my belief that few ever take the trouble to attempt a correct estimate of the full extent of that indebtedness. You see that One's Wife, like the poor, is always with one; and one grows so accustomed, therefore, to her presence, that one forgets how much of one's comfort and consolation is involved in it. To the masculine intelligence, which on all points of domestic economy is singularly obtuse, it seems as much a matter of course as that night succeeds day and day follows night that one's meals should be served up in becoming rotation, and each with its proper complement of viands; that one's servants should perform their offices deftly; that one's children should not profanely break in upon one's repose; that one's chimneys should be swept before the soot has dangerously accumulated; and that, generally, one's household machine should revolve easily, with its works well oiled and in the best of gear. This, I say, seems a matter of course, like violets in spring and roses in summer; for *Paterfamilias* sees it repeated day after day with so beautiful a regularity that he never thinks of inquiring how it is brought about, but takes it as a gift from Heaven to be legitimately enjoyed by the virtuous British householder. One finds this regularity, this admirable organisation, it is true, at one's club or one's hotel—perhaps, even, with a few touches of improvement; and yet one feels that it differs, somehow or other, from that which pervades one's home, and makes that home so pleasant a retreat from the world's cares. There is something wanting—though the servants move about noiselessly and the menu be irreproachable. There is something wanting, and that is—One's Wife.

For One's Wife infuses into one's daily life a soft, subdued spirit of tenderness, which invests with peculiar grace each household task, and lightens the pressure of every domestic duty. It is not obtruded upon one in sudden accesses, like gleams of hot sunshine through summer mists; but so blends with the very atmosphere, like the odours of sweet flowers, that one absorbs it constantly through every pore of one's being. It resembles that English freedom of ours, which, though so good and fair a thing, few ever value or take thought of, because it has been an inheritance from infancy, clothing us like a garment. That sweet womanly affection is for ever around and about one, watching at one's board and bed—as Montaigne tells us of *Arria*, the wife of *Cecina Pætus*, who, when her husband was carried a prisoner to Rome, besought his guards "to take her into their ship, where, for the service of her husband, she should be of less charge and incommode to them than a number of other persons; and that she alone might supply and stead him in his chamber, in his kitchen, and all other offices;"—present with one even in one's solitude; accompanying one in one's journeys, one's toils, one's pleasures; sooths anxiety, moderating anger, rejoicing in success, encouraging in failure; never exhausted, never withheld; true, when all else is untrue; believing, when no others believe; equal to any demand upon it; carrying always and everywhere an inexhaustible benediction; and consecrated to one's lasting happiness in the person of—One's Wife.

The loyalest friend will sometimes falter in his faith. The mildest judge breaks out occasionally into sharp censure and reproof. But not so One's Wife! Affliction or adversity does but enlarge and strengthen her glorious devotion; and even when her judgment goes out against one, her heart is still upon one's side. At all events, 'tis not in the hour of sorrow or failure that she will let fall a word of complaint or drop a tear of reproach. She has then no thought but for one's betterment. The oil and the wine are made ready; the wounds are bound up by hands that seem to heal where they touch. Her sympathy at such times is almost too beautiful for earth, and would be much too good for man, were it not that it conveys to the aching heart a sense of that Infinite Love whence comes this human love, and so acts, may I not say? as a mediator between him and his God. It is such a wise, such a far-seeing sympathy! A sympathy that instinctively detects where the arrow has struck home, where the balm should be applied. Men, however deep their concern, however real their desire to help, torture cruelly in their blind efforts to find where the wound is bleeding; and their rough mistaken kindness often inflicts a worse pain than the wound itself. But the wife's sympathy is so keen, so alert, has such a wonderful faculty of prevision, that it never errs; is not only ready at the moment, but goes direct to the seat of mischief. Thus much, I think, one may say for One's Wife.

None will deny, I venture to believe, that men, as a rule, entertain an excellent opinion of themselves—a fine, abundant faith in their sagacity, energy, virtue, and general resource. So it happens that if Brown be in any trial or trouble, he endeavours to extricate himself by drawing, in the first place, on his own large, individual share of this heaven-sent wisdom; and, when that fails him, he immediately seeks to benefit by the portion which the gods have allotted to Robinson. The poor man seldom thinks of taking Mrs. Brown into his confidence, and profiting by that calm, cool judgment which most women bring to bear upon unexpected emergencies. I have no

intention here of entering into a discussion of that truly scholastic question, the relative or comparative mental power of men and women. I take it for granted that women are not equal to men in all things; and I am sure that men are not in all things equal to women. But experience shows that women are gifted with a quickness of analysis, a clearness of perception, an unfailing good sense, and a faculty of prompt decision which make them invaluable as advisers, especially when their advice is sought by those they love. Irreverent jesters sometimes compare her Majesty's Ministers—I refer, of course, to no particular Administration—to a lot of old women. This has ever appeared to me a direct insult to—the old women! Seriously, a man perplexed by affairs, entangled in some intricate difficulty, or bowed beneath the weight of some crushing sorrow, will not go, if he be wise, to his best friend—nay, not even to his brother, but will make a clean breast of it to his wife—to discover that while her affection unceasingly cheers and supports him, her natural intelligence—quickened and strengthened, no doubt, by the force of that affection—will guide him surely and swiftly into the path of safety. "I never was anything, dearest," wrote the poet Hood to his wife, "till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since." And *De Tocqueville* bears a similar testimony to the influence of a wise and tender wife:—"You cannot imagine what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she is then inspired with energy and strength. She watches me when I am unconscious of it; she softens, calms, and invigorates me in difficulties which greatly disturb my mind, but leave hers serene." There can be no better adviser, because none more unselfish, more sympathetic, more capable of great sacrifices than—One's Wife.

There are other considerations which will help one, I think, if one be so minded, to realise the greatness of the debt one owes to—One's Wife. With her, for instance, are knit up the dearest and most priceless associations of the life one has lived since first she rose like a star upon the horizon of one's dreams. As she sits by the fireside this New Year—a time when husband and wife may well take stock together of their past—with the ruddy lights falling on the smooth, sweet hair which, alas, is thinning now, and silvering with the snows of successive winters—with the tender brow still fair and open, though not without a mark or two of Time's passing feet—with the cheek still curving delicately, though the curve is less round and full than it was of yore—and the clear eyes shining still with the sacred light of purity and faith—how one's thought travels back through the sounding corridor of the years to that bright spring-time of life when first we became conscious that each was more to the other than anyone else upon God's earth; when first we felt the mystery—

Of that sweet love which, startling, wakes  
Maiden and youth;

when one's visions were haunted always by that graceful and gracious figure, and upon one's lips and in one's heart was ever that precious name which seemed of all names the sweetest! Ah, the walk by that shining river which flowed not more full than the current of our great happiness—the trysting-place at the old gate, where the limes shook fragrance from their scented leaves—the quaint pew in the old village church, where 'twas bliss to sit side by side, and look over the same prayer-book, and blend our voices in the same hymn—how one recalls those scenes, and thanks God for the dear face which is visible in all of them! One remembers, too, the day of days, *dies fausti et felici*, when, after the vows had been said and the prayers offered, one drew to one's heart the blushing maiden, and rejoiced greatly that at last one had the right to call her one's own—One's Wife. The wedding bells seem again to throw their joyous music to the winds, and there is a scent of orange-blossoms, and a shimmer of dainty white garments. One traces the record further; and the books we read and discussed together—the large utterances of the poet, the airy inventions of the novelist, the grave problems of the philosopher—come back upon one's mind with a pleasurable vividness, as one's fond glances rest upon—One's Wife. Together we visit many a busy city and quiet rural landscape; together we examine the noble monuments of the elder time or the fabrics reared by modern enterprise. Years pass away, and the young husband listens with delight to the snatches of old songs with which the young mother lulls to sleep her first-born. Years pass away, and "a brood" gathers round her knees, and there is occasion for frequent exercise of the mother's firm will, inexhaustible patience, tender watchfulness, and thoughtful anticipation; and you remember that in the hour of need she was ever equal to it. Years pass away, and you see again the sick chamber, in which for days and nights you lay in one long dreary wrestle with disease; and you are conscious that one form was ever at your side—one sweet voice responded ever to your querulous cry—one gentle hand calmed and subdued the fever of your blood; and you know that that tireless ministering angel in one's season of darkness was—One's Wife.

The cynic will smilingly protest that I am seeking to embody "a vision of delight," a mere ideal, such as our common-place world can never realise—a dreamer's fond conception. But hundreds of my readers will recognise the features of their own true and tender helpmates in this feeble portrait of One's Wife. For, after all, she is but an ordinary

woman. One does not claim for her the power and force of genius. One does not endow her with the intellectual vigour of a Madame Roland, or the broad culture of a George Eliot, or the imagination and passion of an Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Sir Henry Taylor, in that wise book of his, "The Statesman," puts together a garland of fine qualities which, in his opinion, should wreath the brow of the true wife. "They should be such," he says, "as will enable her to make them a place of repose for her husband when weary with the world's daily stress and strain. She should have sense enough to manage her household with economy, while not degenerating into meanness. She should be pleasing to his eyes and to his taste. For taste goes deep into the nature of all men—love is hardly apart from it; and in a life of care and excitement, that home which is not the seat of love cannot be a place of rest; rest for the brain, and peace for the spirit, being only to be had through the softening of the affections. He should look for a clear understanding, cheerfulness, and alacrity of mind, rather than gaiety and brilliancy; and for a gentle tenderness of disposition in preference to an impassioned nature." Excellent; but is the husband to give nothing in return? Surely ordinary men—as most of us are—may be thankful if we get something less than all this—say, ordinary women; for we may be certain that even they will bring with them a liberal dower of love and hope and faith, the three graces which, after all, one would most desire in—One's Wife. I could draw with great satisfaction, if not with much brilliancy, the portraits of a Mrs. Hutchinson, a Sara Taylor Coleridge, a Jane Welsh Carlyle, a Lady Romilly; but these, you see, were the exceptional wives of exceptional husbands—the life-partners of men of genius—and you and I, my friend, have as much right to expect such women to share our fortunes as we should have to put in a claim for the throne of the United Kingdom! Some of us would feel very small and uncomfortable with the author of "Romola" on the other side of our humble hearths! No; the gods will treat one according to one's deserts; and if one do but take into wedlock as one's part and share in the matter, a manly frankness, a loyal affection, a pure mind, and a generous temper, one will be sure to find all that one can expect or desire in—One's Wife.

Though I have nothing to say, however, on conjugal duties; though I have no pulpit from which to deliver, in poor imitation of Jeremy Taylor, a sermon on "The Marriage Ring;" I know there must be patience and forbearance on both sides, and mutual respect and courtesy, and a deep sense of the sanctity of married life, and a wise determination "to agree to differ" (as all sensible husbands and wives must sometimes do); that there must be kindly, tender offices towards each other, and a great enjoyment of each other's company, and the golden bond of similarity of taste and aim and motive, and a brave defiance of the world's conventionalities when they are like to raise an insidious barrier between husband and wife. There will be trials to be borne with patience, sorrows to be converted into blessings, afflictions to be taken as sharp medicine for mind and soul. There will be disappointments and failures; hopes will often be shattered; the heart sometimes wrung with an inexpressible anguish. But it is the inalienable privilege of the wedded life to provide against these ills the support and consolation of the purest, tenderest, and broadest sympathy; and so, husband and wife may, with even step and smiling face, pass uninjured through the flame and smoke of life's battle, to enjoy, in their waning years, the peace that comes from conflict shared together and victory won together. And when the moment comes for earth's final parting, one's fading eyes will rest lovingly on the dear face bending over one, and the last broken words that drop from one's tremulous lips will be words of grateful affection and tender farewell to—One's Wife!

W. H. D. A.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on March 1, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, its silver medal, accompanied by a copy of the vote, inscribed on vellum, was awarded to Mr. Thomas Rimmer, coxswain of the St. Anne's life-boat, in recognition of his long and gallant services in saving life from shipwreck, particularly on the occasion of the rescue of the barque *Albert William*, of Liverpool, on Jan. 26 last. The institution's second service clasp was awarded to Mr. John Brown, coxswain of the Newbiggin life-boat, who has just completed thirty-five years' service, and has rendered many gallant services in the boat. Rewards amounting to £281 were granted to the crews of various life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, and payments amounting to £3342 were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £500 from an anonymous donor; £371 16s. 5d. from the "George Moore" Memorial Fund, towards the cost of the George Moore new life-boat for Porthdinllaen; £100 from Mrs. M. E. De Schwartz, Canea, Isle of Crete; £50 in aid of the general funds of the institution; and £50 in aid of the widows and orphans of boatmen killed on duty. New life-boats were sent during the past month to Brighton and Anstruther.

Arrangements were made for holding the annual meeting at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, March 24, on which occasion the chair will be taken by the Duke of Northumberland, president of the institution.

## COOPER &amp; CO. TEAS.

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COOPER COOPER and CO.'S TEAS as below:—

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Possessing strength and character.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Such value as is not offered by any other house in the Kingdom.

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Branches: No. 63, BISHOPSGATE-STREET WITHIN, E.C.; No. 263, REGENT-CIRCUS, W.1; No. 35, STRAND, W.C.; No. 21, WESTBOURNE-GROVE, W.1; No. 334, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.; No. 266, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-ROAD, S.E.; No. 98, SHOREDITCH HIGH-STREET, E.1; LONDON; and Nos. 20 and 21, EAST-STREET, BRIGHTON.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA EVER SOLD at the money. Half-chests, holding 50 separate pounds or 100 half-pounds, for 23 6s. 8d., carriage paid to any railway station in Great Britain, and there is no such value offered in this Kingdom at the money.

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CHEAPEST and BEST TEA, possessing GREAT STRENGTH and ELEGANCE at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. a pound, and Teas of such intrinsic excellence have never been offered before to this generation at the money.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEAS EVER OFFERED to the public at 2s. a pound, a tea mighty in strength, intermingling each with other the stoutest Indian Tea, the soft and sappy Ceylon, and the delicate China Tea. All spring picking, and such quality was never before sold at the price. COOPER COOPER and CO. send this Tea to many of the best families in the Kingdom.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA of the highest character, the production of Indian and Ceylon gardens of great repute, and the choicest early contract Tea from China at 2s. 6d. and 3s. a pound.

MANY of THESE TEAS SELLING in the public auction in Mincing-lane at 2s. 10d. and 2s. 11d. a pound (including H.M. Customs duty of 6d. a pound, which is paid on all Teas).

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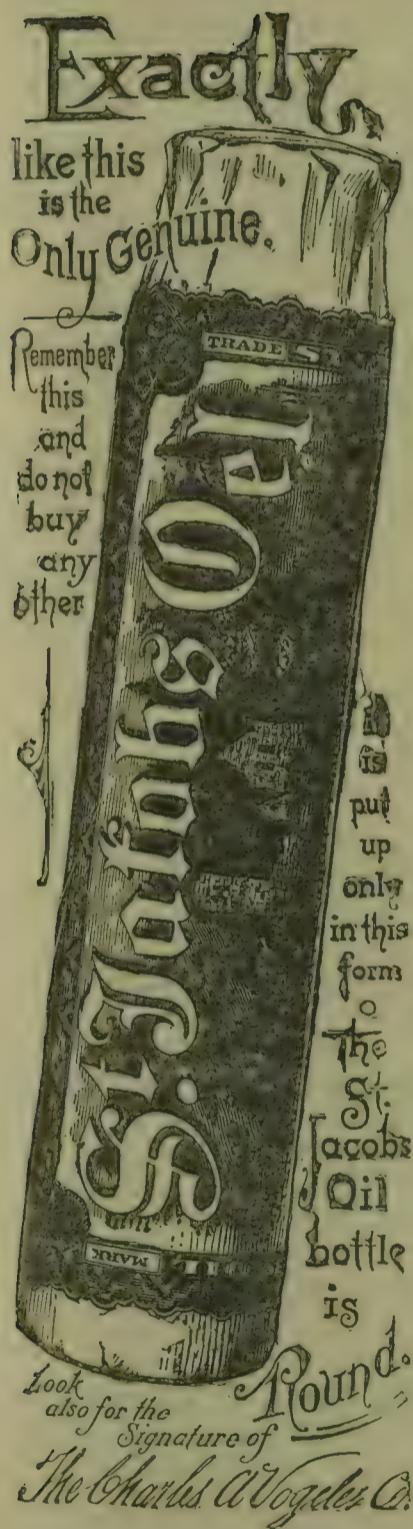
COOPER COOPER and CO. SELL these Teas at a fractional cost on the price actually paid to the importing houses.

IN GOLD MINES we hear that certain ores give so many ounces of pure gold to the ton—some two or three ounces; some—especially rich—eight to ten ounces to the ton; but no one would contend that the richer ores are dearer because they would fetch twice the price per ton, for it is the gold that is the value; the refuse is valueless. So with Tea. One pound of the fine Tea sold by COOPER COOPER and CO. will yield more real Tea than twice the quantity of inferior Tea, and not only twice the quantity, but twice the quality—refined gold—not mixed metal.

GENUINE UNADULTERATED TEAS, all of this year's growth, analysed and carefully selected by COOPER COOPER and CO. from the robust productions of Ceylon, India, and China, either mixed each with other or in their integrity, as may be desired, at One Shilling and Fourpence a pound, mounting by steps, according to the fitness and delicacy of flavour, to 3s. a pound. Samples of any Tea will be sent, post-free, on application. Packages, containing 10 lb. of Tea and upwards, will be delivered free at any Railway Station in Great Britain. Parcels, containing from 4 to 10 lb. of Tea, will be sent by Parcel Post, free, to any address in the United Kingdom, from Land's End to John o'Groats's House, for 3d. in addition to the cost of the Tea—and there is no such value to be had in this Kingdom for the money.

# ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN.

## *The Verdict of the People of London.*



Mr. WILLIAM HOWES, Civil Engineer, 68, Red Lion Street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. PALMER, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, says:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. EDWARD PETERSON, Electric Light Engineer, of 36, Whetstone Park, W.C., says:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil as a rheumatic remedy. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. HENRY JOHN BARLOW, of 4, Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., says:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

Mrs. WOLFSBERGER, Matron of the Moore Street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen Street, Edgware Road, N.W., says that "St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, of No. 7, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C., writes:—"Having for a number of years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in the limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

HENRY and ANN BRIGHT, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved itself unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have, in every case, been removed by using the Oil—and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

Mr. M. PRICE, of 14, Tabernacle Square, Finsbury, E.C., says:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. CLARK, of 21, South Island Place, Brixton Road, London, writes:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. WILKINSON, 88, Bentham Road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

ROBERT GEORGE WATTS, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., writes:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

**FACTS.**—The above statements are certainly entitled to the most serious consideration of every thinking man and woman. The names given are those of living witnesses. The statements are facts. They can be easily verified. Let the public make the investigation. Every one will find, not only that these testimonials are genuine, but that ST. JACOBS OIL relieves and cures rheumatism, just as surely as the sun shines in the heavens. It acts like magic. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure. After the most thorough practical tests on invalids in hospitals and elsewhere, it received Six Gold Medals at recent international expositions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It cures when everything else has failed. It has cured people who have been lame and crippled with pain for over twenty years. It is an external remedy. It goes right to the spot.

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PRINCESS OF WALES.

PRINCESS MAUD.

PRINCESS LOUISE.

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PRINCE GEORGE.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

AT HOME: SANDRINGHAM, 1888.

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A LOVELY COMPLEXION,  
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KALYDOR.

A soothing and emollient milk, and warranted harmless to the most delicate skin; removes Freckles, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, soothes Irritation, Chaps, Chilblains, &amp;c. 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle; half-sized Bottles, 2s. 3d. A 4s. 6d. Bottle contains 5½ times the quantity of other articles for the Skin. Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, and avoid spurious imitations.

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AT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

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AVERAGE SIZE OF THESE CARPETS, from 8 ft. to 9 ft. long, and from 4 ft. to 5 ft. wide.

KURD RUGS, 7s. 6d. each.

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These are now kept in stock in practically every size, and in so many qualities that a customer can at once procure a Carpet at any price from 21s. (TRELOAR'S Guinea Cheviot) to 100 Guineas—suitable for any room of any house.

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ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN 1863.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN 1888.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY.

## THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

The pretty and amiable German custom of celebrating the rare fiftieth anniversary, during their lives, of the marriage of a united couple, with the festive rites of a "Golden Wedding," and a twenty-fifth anniversary of the same kind as their "Silver Wedding," is probably understood by a large portion of the English people. It has, like many other German habits and ideas belonging to domestic and social life, been made familiar to the English mind, during the reign of our beloved Queen, and since her marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, by the intimate association of our Royal family with their German kindred and German matrimonial connections.

No explanation is required, therefore, of the happy occasion that on March 10, 1888, reminds us of the Royal Wedding to which those who are not young can look back with pleasant remembrance, when, on March 10, 1863, the Prince of Wales, heir to the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, gained in Princess Alexandra of Denmark a wife ever since regarded by all classes of our fellow-countrymen with affectionate esteem only second to that felt for the Queen. Her Majesty having many sons and daughters, we have seen other Royal Weddings in our time, bestowing worthy consorts upon them, but none could equal this marriage in public importance; for it is to the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and to their remote descendants, we trust, for many generations, that this realm will look for successors to its ancient throne. Long may it be, indeed, before any of their Royal Highnesses, from the honoured, the kind-hearted, the truly popular Prince who is Head of his Family, to the heirs of his rightful claim, shall be called upon, by events in the course of nature, to occupy that exalted seat! But, looking to the distant future, in the perspective of the twentieth century, and probably in the lifetime of many of our own children already born, it is a great satisfaction to loyal Englishmen to have seen the Royal Wedding of 1863 productive of five young Princes and Princesses, whose birth and education warrant the best hopes for their characters and conduct through life, and whom our posterity will be inclined to esteem as well for their parents' sake as for their own personal virtues.

The life of the Prince of Wales, now in the forty-seventh year of his age, has been that of a very active and useful public man; we may say that in our national history, since the Plantagenet reigns—for the warlike precedents of Edward the Black Prince, and of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward I., are inappropriate to this comparison—no Heir Apparent to the Throne has better served his country. He has performed with extraordinary diligence, with unfailing cheerfulness, good humour, and sound judgment, those multiplied offices of social presidency, of personal encouragement and patronage, often of administrative direction, which form a valuable part of the functions of Royalty. In this, he has followed the example of his lamented father, the Prince Consort, which has also been followed by the other Princes and Princesses, sons and daughters of the Queen; and if it were possible to compute the beneficial fruits of such personal efforts, the amount of direct help to a variety of good institutions all over the country, educational, charitable, recreative, artistic, scientific, industrial, commercial, and everything not touching party politics, due to the action of their Royal Highnesses, might appear to have improved the welfare of millions. Her Majesty sometimes undertaking in her own person that admirable dispensation of Royal grace and favour which always gives so much joy to her subjects when she makes a public appearance, has certainly been pleased that her eldest son, the first gentleman in the Kingdom, should with such alacrity and with such ability discharge these important Royal duties. Public opinion cannot fail to recognise the merit of this conduct, which must necessarily involve great self-denial and frequent sacrifice of private tastes and amusements. The ordinary practice of subscribing for a testimonial to any person who has taken a good deal of trouble for a public object would not be proper in the case of the Prince of Wales; but few public men have better deserved it. A precise record of the frequency and diversity of his labours—the ceremonials are sometimes laborious, as well as tedious, and involve long journeys—would rebuke the indolence of many noblemen and gentlemen and others enjoying a retired life. The Great Exhibitions of London and Paris were much aided by his care and industry. Of the private life of his Royal Highness we have no right to say one word, nor desire to know more of it than of any other person; but his public conduct has earned the gratitude of those who rejoice in seeing beneficent undertakings, of every kind, willingly countenanced and assisted by the most eminent and influential of the Queen's subjects.

Besides the substantial merits of these proceedings of his Royal Highness—which began, as we remember, in early youth, when he laid the foundation-stone of the Lambeth School of Art, his first public act—it is creditable to him, and interesting to us, that he has visited Canada, the greatest of our Colonies, and India, the great Asiatic Empire, under British rule; that he has travelled much in Europe, and has been frankly welcomed in the great American Republic; that he has seen the lands of classical and sacred history, and had opportunities of imbibing the spirit of their elevated associations. If he has no pretensions to minute scholarship, his intellectual tastes have probably been as well cultivated as those of most persons of Royal or aristocratic rank, while he shares the love of masculine field sports, and the interest in rural and agricultural business, which are characteristic of English country gentlemen. His English country home at Sandringham, and his Highland retreat at Abergeldie, could no doubt bear witness to his participation in these habitual pursuits of men of the upper class in Great Britain.

Such is the Prince of Wales, a thorough Englishman, at any rate, and a very good Prince, who married at Windsor, twenty-five years ago, a Princess of the Royal House of Denmark, partly of North German lineage, of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, then a young lady in her nineteenth year, coming quite a stranger to England three days before, and believed then, as ever since, no doubt correctly, to be the most amiable of women; her graces, virtues, and charms being an article of faith in the minds of all Englishmen and all Englishwomen. There is no point on which such perfect unanimity prevails in the whole nation, and so it will be to the end of the life of her Royal Highness, and for a long time afterwards, to the end of Royal history. We have only to express our entire concurrence with the general opinion, and to congratulate her husband, as well as herself, on this occasion of their Silver Wedding; but their children, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud are likewise to be congratulated on having such a father and mother. It is happy, too, for the Queen, and it is happy for the Nation, as we have said, that this most illustrious and essential branch of the Royal Family has grown to a condition so fair and prosperous, nourished by wholesome and genial influences, and acceptability of a limited constitutional monarchy, which can never retard the advance of popular government, nor ever abate one jot of our civil and political freedom.

## A ROMAN ROAD.

Still and soft with the mild radiance of early spring the afternoon sunshine sleeps upon the rich country, moor and woodland and meadow, that stretches away southward towards the Border. The top of a ruined tower far off rises grey amid the shadowy woods, and a river, like a shining serpent, gleams in blue windings through the russet valley-land, while the smoke of an ancient Border town hangs in the distance, like an amber haze, above the side of its narrow strath. Northward, too, league upon league, sweep the rich pasture-lands of another river valley. The red roofs of more than one peaceful hamlet glow warm there among the bowering road-avenues of ancient trees. And far off at the foot of the purple mountain yonder to the west lies the grey sequestered abbey of the Bruce. North and south upon that rich landscape history marks with a crimson stain the field of many a battle; and though peace and silence sleep upon it to-day in the sunshine, hardly is there hamlet or meadow in sight whose name does not recall some struggle of bygone days. Across these hills a hundred and thirty years ago Prince Charles Edward led the last raid of the clans, and before his time the battle-fields of Douglas and Percy, of Cumberland and Liddesdale, carry the mind back into the mists of antiquity, out of which looms the sullen splendour of more classic arms.

Here, straight as a swan-flight along the ridge of the watershed, commanding the country for miles upon either side, still runs the ancient highway of Imperial Rome. From the golden milestone of Augustus in the Capitol, in a line scarce broken by the blue straits of the sea, ran hither the path of that ancient Power. Of old, along these far-stretching arteries came pulsing in tidal waves the iron blood of the stern heart beating far away in the south. From the wooded valleys below, the awed inhabitants doubtless long ago looked up and wondered as the dark masses of the legions came rolling along these hills.

Tide after tide, like the rising sea, they rolled to break upon the Grampian barriers of the North. Here rode Agricola, his face set towards the dark and mist-wrapt mountains beyond the Forth, eager to add by their conquest the word "Britannicus" to his name. Here by his side, it is probable, rode the courtly Tacitus, his son-in-law, to describe to future ages the Scotland of that time, "lashed," as he knew it, "by the billows of a prodigious sea." Southward here, stern and intent, once sped the swift couriers bearing to Rome tidings of that great battle at Mons Grampus, where the bodies of ten thousand Caledonians slain barred the northward march of the Roman general. Southward, again, along this road it is almost certain has passed the majesty of a Roman Emperor himself. For in the year 211 the Emperor Severus, ill and angry, leaving fifty thousand dead among the unsubdued mountains of the north, was borne out of Scotland by the remnant of his army, to die of chagrin at York. And here, long ago, by his flickering watch-fire at night, the Roman sentinel, perhaps, has let his thoughts wander again sadly to his home by the yellow Tiber two thousand miles away, to the vine-clad cot where the dark-eyed sister of his boyhood, the little Livia or Tessa, would be ripening now like the olives, with no one to care for and protect her.

Fifteen hundred years ago, however, the last yellow-haired captives had been carried south to whet the wonder of the populace in the triumph of a Roman general. Fifteen hundred years ago the power of the Imperial city had begun to wane, and the tide of her conquest ebbed along these hills. The eagles of the empire swept southward to defend their own eyrie upon the Palatine, and here, along the highways they had made, died the tramp of the departing legions. The tides of later wars, it is true, have flowed and ebbed across the Border. Saxon and Norman, both in turn, have set their faces towards the north.

But later nations kept lower paths, and, untrodden here along the hilltops, like the great Roman Empire itself, this chariot-way of the Cæsars has looked down upon them all. Forsaken, indeed, and altogether lonely it is now. Torn by the rains of fifteen centuries, and overgrown with the tangle of a thousand years, the roadway that rang to the hoofs of Agricola is haunted to-day by the timid hare, while overhead, where the sun glittered once on the golden eagles of the legions, grey wood-doves flutter now among the trees. But, strongly marked by its moss-grown ramparts, it still bears witness to the might of its makers, and, affording no text for the sad *Sic transit gloria mundi*, it remains a Roman defiance to time, like the defiance of all true greatness—*Non omnia moriar*.

Greater benefits than these roads of stone did the Roman bring to the lands he conquered. The tread of the victorious legions it was that broke the dark slumber of Europe, and in the onward march of the western nations the footsteps of the Cæsars echo yet upon the earth. Rome, it is true, ploughed her empire with the sword, but in the furrows she sowed the seeds of her own greatness, and these seeds since then have grown to many a stately tree. Fallen, it may be, is the splendour of the "city upon seven hills"; but east and north and west of her rise the younger empires of her sons. Augustus from his gilded Capitol no longer rules the world, and the gleam of the steel-clad legions no longer flashes along these old forsaken highways among the hills; but the earth is listening yet, spell-bound, to the strains of the Latin lyre, and wherever to this hour there is eloquence in the West, there flourishes the living glory of the Roman tongue.

To-day, with the coming of spring in the air, there are symbols enough on every hand of the great Past that is not dead. The bole of the giant beech-tree here, it is true, has long since ceased itself to put forth leaves; but, springing upward from its strength, a hundred branches are spreading aloft the promise of the budding year. The dry brown spires of foxglove that stand six feet high in the coppice near, dropped months ago their purple splendours; but thick already about their roots the green tufts of their seedlings are pushing up through rich mould and warm leaf-drifts of bygone autumn to fill the place anon with tenfold glory. From the gnarled roots of the ancient thorn-hedge hangs many a yellow tress of withered fern: yet the life of the fallen fronds is, even now, stirring underground, and from the brown knobs there before long will rise the greenery of another year. Already, here and there, in sunny nooks, a spray of the prickly whin has burst into blossom of bright gold. A little longer, and the mossy crannies of the ruined dyke will be purple with the dim wood-violet. And soon, in the steep corner of the immemorial pasture that runs up there under the edge of the wood, the deep sward will be tufted with creamy clusters of the pale primrose.

A pleasant spot it is to linger in, even on this early Spring day, for the sunshine falls warm in the mossy hollow of the road, and rampart and thicket overhead are a shelter from the wind. Resting on the dry branch of a fallen pine, one can gaze away southward, over the landscape that the Romans saw; and fingering through a pocket volume of some old Augustan singer, it is possible to realise something of the iron thought that stirred them to become masters of the world.

G. E. T.

## READING NEWSPAPERS.

As years pass away it is curious to note, amongst other significant signs, how our taste changes with regard to reading newspapers. It is, indeed, quite as marked as the modifications which overtake our physical appetites, and these we know are most appreciable. Shakespeare makes Benedick say:—"Does not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth he cannot endure in his age," and so assuredly is it with our mental pabulum. A man cannot endure in later life the amusements, occupations, and hobbies he delighted in as a boy. Particularly, however, is the variation observable in our selection of current journalistic literature, or, in other words, of the daily paper. In youth, scarcely any of us ever look at the *Times*, except for the report of a cricket-match, a boat-race, or the theatrical advertisements; but as manhood approaches, we begin, at least, to skim the columns and short, chatty paragraphs, if for no other purpose than that of appearing *au fait* with the world and its doings. A little later, a degree of honest interest arises in political and social questions, especially those concerning our own professions or careers. Then we go on to the perusal of the leading articles, pondering well their arguments, criticising their style, and probably, if we are of a well-balanced, judicial mind, weighing one set of opinions against another as represented by the organs of various and opposing shades. And this may be said to be the most lasting period of all through which we pass—the longest stage on our journal-reading journey. It is natural that it should be so, for it is then that such intellectual capacity as we possess is supposed to be in its zenith. We are consequently able to grasp and appreciate the various subjects and events making up the history of our life and times as they are turned out hot from the mighty anvil of the great developing forge of fate. Each and every topic bearing upon the condition and progress of mankind carries with it its due and proportionate interest, and it is when we are thus, as it were, at the level plateau on the top of the hill that most people spend so much time in reading newspapers. But alas! by degrees interest begins to flag, the ordinary run of events begin to acquire a stereotyped tone, and seem so often to be but a repetition of the same thing, month after month, year after year, that we grow languid and apathetic about them. Only the very startling and so-called sensational headings arrest our eye or induce us to read line by line to the end.

Thus we grow to neglecting the daily morning paper—we no longer look for its arrival with the same keen anxiety, and make little or no plaint if we fail to find the neat unopened sheet upon our breakfast-table. We let things slide, and begin to content ourselves with summaries and those condensed reports which impart all, and often more, than we care to know. The evening paper, from its containing these *précis*, offers greater attraction than that of the morning, frequently embracing, as it also does, enticing literary matter bearing only indirectly on the fleeting follies or gravities of the hour. From this stage we imperceptibly pass on to the weeklies, for such intellectual ephemera as tickle our palate. Thence to the "illustrated" is but one step, and being plunged in these alluring waters obtain, through the draughtsman's graphic powers, what news we care for, actually reading little or none of the letter-press, save, perhaps, some pretty, seasonable articles, with which the "pictorials" abound, but which cannot fairly claim to be called "news." News, in fact, unless very pertinent to our interests, we no longer regard beyond what is just sufficient to keep us abreast of the times. Amusement is sought rather than information on the half cynical, half jocose plea that we are too old to improve our minds. And here, again, on this lower level we may remain for a more or less indefinite time, until, "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history," we find ourselves reading scarcely anything in the daily papers, save the births, marriages, and deaths—the latter not seldom being the only items which really create a languid emotion. It has been said that we are apt to regard even those with a certain suspicion of disappointment, unless we catch the name of someone we have known.

Certain highly-cultivated and superior beings will contend that everybody spends too much time in reading newspapers, and it has been laid down as good advice that one should never do more than skim any print which is not "bound"; that no reading, in the true sense of the word, is of any worth which does not lie between stiff boards; and that in most cases, the older these are the better. Now, whilst fully admitting that far too much time is wasted over newspapers, yet, surely if they are legitimately conned, there can be no matter more imperatively necessary for us to know than contemporaneous history. Without some knowledge of it a man may be, in a sort, considered an ignoramus; for, after all, whatever may be said about the history of the past, it cannot so vitally affect and interest us as that of the time in which we are actually living and breathing; and if, as we know, it has a lamentable habit of repeating itself, what of that? Is it not inevitable that it should do so, seeing that human nature remains the same all the world over? Unless a radical change overtakes the nature of man, until he becomes something entirely different to what he is, he will continue to act on the old, old lines, moulding and unfolding the old, old events—only slightly varied in their fashion; singing the old, old song; telling the old, old story—that story which, nevertheless, and all pessimism notwithstanding, is ever new.

Nor is there any likelihood of the appetite for news subsiding, judging by the ever-increasing issue of daily and weekly newspapers; and there is no wonder that this number should be as large as it is, considering how rapidly, through the agency of science and modern discovery, events are made to develop themselves, and how, through the same agencies, they are brought immediately under our cognisance. We have only to think of the epoch when it took six days to get news from Paris, six weeks from America, and six months from India, to understand why people spend so much more time reading newspapers at the end, than they did at the beginning, of the nineteenth century.

One word more may be said in extenuation of this newspaper-reading propensity. As hinted above, newspapers now-a-days contain so much of sterling literary merit that they often embody a vast deal of what formerly was only to be found in the "Quarterlies" and high-class magazines, and in the standard books. Say it is—vulgarly speaking—"boiled down," and the essence sold for a penny, nevertheless it is the essence, and as such is generally so dexterously and skilfully purveyed as to be far more within the comprehension, and certainly more within the means, of the reading public than in its original state. It is easy to sneer at the newspaper-educated public; but no contempt can deprive journalism of its claim to be considered a mighty educational machine. The line dividing it from other literature—saying, of course, the very greatest of the standard works of all ages—is now so indefinite that it might puzzle many a clever, if carpig, brain to discover and point it out. Roundly speaking, therefore, it may be again asserted that, because people spend a large amount of time in reading newspapers, it by no means follows that they are necessarily wasting it.

W. W. F.

## MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

*Nineteenth Century*.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne celebrates the proverbial coming-in of this month, not "like a lion," but with a lyric burst of poetry. Cardinal Manning pleads for mercy to "worthless" city outcasts. "The Swarming of Men," by Mr. Leonard Courtney, is an instructive statistical treatise on emigration, and on the congregation of people in large towns. Dr. Burney Yeo discusses the habits and conditions of long life. Lord Thring defines the functions of Local Government. The United States Constitution is described by Mr. Phelps, the American Minister. Mr. John Morley vindicates himself from the imputation of being a disciple of the French Jacobins and Rousseau.

*Contemporary Review*.—Mr. Gladstone pursues his argument for Irish Home Rule with "Further Notes and Queries." Sir Lyon Playfair reviews the progress of applied science in its effect on trade. Garibaldi's lately published autobiographical memoirs are treated with a commentary by Mr. Karl Blind. The "mystical pessimism" of certain sects in Russia is examined by a Russian observer. Dean Plumptre furnishes historical and biographical notices of Wells Cathedral and its Deans. The political condition of negroes in the Southern States is exposed by Mr. G. W. Cable, a well-known American writer.

*Fortnightly Review*.—Sir Charles Dilke continues his exposition of a scheme for the reconstruction of the British Army, to begin with the re-establishment of a separate force for Indian service. The best method of studying English literature in colleges is ably indicated by Professor Dowden. It may be questioned whether such a French novelist as Guy de Maupassant be worth the pains that Mr. Henry James has bestowed on a criticism of his base productions. Lord Monkswell's explanation of the proposals for State colonisation is well timed and judicious. A curious episode of modern history is presented in Mr. Wentworth Webster's account of Basque self-government. The claims of domestic servants, and the teaching of dairy industries, are usefully set forth by two contributors.

*National Review*.—Disestablishment of the Church in Wales engages the attention of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who advocates concurrent endowment. Mrs. Fawcett's reply to Mr. Goldwin Smith on Women's Suffrage is an exquisite performance of keen argument and delicate satire. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick sums up the facts against Irish Nationalism with convincing precision. The Hon. G. N. Curzon prescribes wise measures for the reform of the House of Lords. Protection to British industries is demanded by Mr. C. A. Cripps. An able scientific pathologist, "R. B. C.," deals with the controversy on the claims of homoeopathic medicine. The benefits of British rule in Cyprus are described by Mr. Ulric Burke.

*Blackwood's Magazine*.—Mrs. Oliphant's "Joyce" approaches its conclusion. Scottish historical inquirers are still busied with Mary Stuart and the contemporary statesmen, Maitland and Cecil. Australian life, the attractions of visitors' life in Madeira, and the difficulties of peasant life in the Hebrides, are described in three different articles. "A Dead Man's Vengeance" is a silly supernatural story.

*Macmillan's Magazine*.—The critical memoir of Tom Moore, by Mr. George Saintsbury, is the best thing in this magazine. Mr. W. E. Norris goes on with "Chris," and Mr. Henry James with "The Reverberator." The Spanish College still existing at the University of Bologna, described by Mr. Edward Armstrong, is an institution of some historical interest. Mr. Harold Perry contributes a political essay on the situation of Morocco, rightly to be spelt "Marocco," which has a certain value.

*Murray's Magazine*.—The Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales inspires the lyric muse of Mr. Lewis Morris. Mr. W. M. Acworth, having described the London and North-Western Railway, supplies a minute account of the Midland. The Bulgarian and Eastern crisis is discussed with accurate knowledge by Mr. Vincent Caillard. Sir Drummond Wolff tells a little ghost-story, while Sir Drummond Hay relates boar-hunting exploits in Morocco. The domestic feuds and intrigues of Corsica are depicted by Mr. C. Sumner Maine as a very uncivilised state of affairs.

*Longman's Magazine*.—Mr. Rider Haggard, who is, we believe, with the assistance of Mr. Edward Rose, preparing for one of the theatres a dramatised version of "She," furnishes this magazine with a "suggested" prologue, in which the immortal Queen Ayesha, two thousand years before the date of the modern African romance, disputes with Amenartas, her ancient Egyptian rival, over the corpse of the Greek Kallikrates. "The Anatomy of Acting," continued by Mr. W. Archer, relates some curious examples of the capacity of thinking of other matters during the performance of stage characters, and the tricks by which some actors have been wont to excite themselves to physical demonstrations of histrionic passion.

*Gentleman's Magazine*.—As psychological instances of women of genius, though unequal and dissimilar, "George Eliot" and Mrs. Carlyle are compared. The account of Domedav Books, by Mr. Alexander Ewald, is concise and exact; Mr. Sidney Lee's account of that famous scholar, the "Admirable Crichton," in the sixteenth century, has much interest; and the technical and artistic progress of scene-painting is described by Mr. W. J. Lawrence.

*Cornhill*.—"Uncle Joe" is concluded; the "Clerical Reminiscences" are amusing; the experiences of a labourer on the Canadian Pacific Railway are not uninteresting; the anecdotes of otters on the banks of the Mole near Dorking will please the lovers of natural history; the further chapters of Mr. G. Gissing's tale, "A Life's Morning," bring it fairly on.

*Time*.—As Mr. Corney Grain recently told some of his personal experiences, Mr. German Reed gives a businesslike account of the clever and pleasant series of entertainments conducted by himself and his wife during the past thirty-three years. "Mr. Gladstone in Florence" is a smart piece of satirical dialogue. The Rev. Harry Jones, a liberal and practical minister of religion, prescribes "Old Church Wine in New Bottles."

*Temple Bar*.—Mrs. Parr's story, "Loyalty George," and "From Moor Isles," by Jessie Fothergill, also "The Rogue," by Mr. W. E. Norris, are making progress. The biographical notices of Horace Walpole's relations with Madame Du Deffand, and of the mother of Schopenhauer, are of literary interest.

*London Society*.—"The Fatal Three," a story by Miss Braddon, the conclusion of Mrs. Alexander's "A Life Interest," and three more chapters of Mrs. Edward Kennard's "A Crack County," are the current works of fiction in this magazine.

*Belgravian*.—Here are further instalments of "The Blackhall Ghosts," by Miss Sarah Tyler, and "Undercurrents," by the author of "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn," with several brief stories of average quality.

*English Illustrated*.—A correct description of Penshurst, a continuation of the historical romance of "Ralph Hardelot," an essay on English art, and "Coaching Days" on the old

Brighton road, are the principal articles, interspersed with many suitable engravings.

*The Theatre* opens with a pungent article, by the editor, Mr. Clement Scott, on some naturalistic plays which have recently been permitted to appear on the English stage. Its scope may be gathered from this brief extract:—"When I am asked why we go to the play, I answer thus: Not to enjoy the contemplation of the baseness and brutality of life; not to return to our daily work more oppressed, more discontented, more dissatisfied, more heartless; but to believe in hope, in faith, in purity, in honour, in nobility of aim, and steadfastness of purpose." The theatrical and musical events of the past month are succinctly given; and the photographic portraits are those of Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. E. S. Willard.

*Woman's World*.—"Ouida" justly censures bad manners at dinner-parties. Miss H. E. Kean describes Irish lace-making. The Countess Martinengo Cesareo relates a few Swiss ghost-stories. Miss Harriette Brooke Davies recommends the teaching of cookery. Madame De Mauroix disconverses of the Paris theatres. Lady Lindsay and "George Fleming" contribute interesting pieces of fiction. Miss Bramston and Miss Leroy comment on Winchester antiquities.

*Atlanta*.—Mrs. Molesworth's "Neighbours," illustrated by Miss Ellen Edwards; Miss Constance Gordon Cumming's description of "Earth's Boiling Fountains"; a story by Miss L. T. Meade, "The Lady of the Forest"; and an account of the South Kensington School of Art, make this magazine for girls a fair allowance of pleasant and wholesome reading.

*Harper's Monthly*.—The notices of contemporary Spanish painters, with engravings of celebrated pictures, claim our first attention. An old mansion in Virginia, with reminiscences of Washington and of the family of General Lee, is next described. Mr. William Black continues his Scottish Highland story, "In Far Lochaber." The sublime scenery of the Saguenay, in Lower Canada, the marvellous progress of Minnesota and Montana, and other topics, American and European, are treated by able writers.

*The Century*.—Prince Bismarck, walking in his garden, fills the frontispiece; and we get further dismal details of Russian prisons. But we like better the authentic information of United States history, to be found in this excellent monthly. The narrative of Lincoln's Presidency, and of the Secession War, is of great value; and that of the escape of some prisoners of war from the Libby Prison, at Richmond, is an interesting tale of adventure. There is a good account of Salisbury Cathedral.

*Scribner's Magazine*.—The Campaign of Waterloo, the correspondence of Mendelssohn with Moscheles, the working of the Electric Motor Apparatus, and Mrs. Field's Recollections of Leigh Hunt and his friends, occupy many pages, but not to the exclusion of agreeable fiction and fancy.

Captain Francis Durrant, of her Majesty's ship Ajax, has been awarded a Good Service Pension of £150.

Lady Watkin has forwarded to the Mayor of Hythe £100 to be distributed among the poor of that borough.

The Italian Government has decided to send a selection of works of art and various trophies to the Fine-Art and Loan Section of the Exhibition to be opened in London next May.

The Lord Mayor of London has written to the provincial Mayors asking their assistance and co-operation among their fellow-townsmen in raising a sum of £3000, which is still required for the erection of a memorial in the new cemetery at Brussels to the British officers and men who fell in the Waterloo campaign, and were buried there.

Colonel Robertson Aikman, V.C., presided at the annual general meeting of the Governors of the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart and Paralysis held, on March 2 at the hospital, Soho-square. The report stated that upwards of 12,000 attendances of out-patients had been registered during the past year. In moving the adoption of the report, the chairman pointed out that this was the only hospital for the special treatment of diseases of the heart, which distressing malady was largely on the increase, and that additional accommodation was urgently needed.

After considerable discussion, the Court of Common Council have decided to contribute a hundred guineas to the Mansion House Fund in connection with the Paris Exhibition, and to give a guarantee of £1000 towards the success of the undertaking. The South-Eastern Railway Company have resolved to guarantee £1000 towards the expenses of the British section of the Paris Exhibition, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor's committee. Messrs. Clowes and Son have guaranteed £500, and Mr. Sheriff Higgs and Mr. Sheriff Davies £250 each.

The Donald Currie steamer Pembroke Castle, which left Dartmouth on March 2 for the Cape, conveys the first batch of settlers for the new colony in Bechuanaland, named the Methuen Settlement. The settlement is 600,000 acres in extent, and is situated between Vryburg and the Molopo River. Each farmer receives 3000 acres direct from the Government, a house is built for him and a well sunk; he is supplied with one hundred head of sheep, twenty-five cattle, and two horses; and arms and all necessary agricultural implements are also furnished. An experienced colonial farmer will meet the settlers at Vryburg, and assist them in the selection of their farms. The second batch of settlers will leave this country in about a month's time.

### Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with two codicils, of Charles Richard Fenwick, late of Abchurch-chambers, Abchurch-lane, E.C., and High Firs, Wheathampstead, Hertfordshire, was proved on March 5, 1888, by Mr. Howard Gilliat and Mr. Herbert Edlmann, the executors, the personal estate being sworn at £409,864 1s. 6d. The testator, after leaving a few legacies to his executors and servants and a legacy of £250 to the Curates' Augmentation Fund, divides the whole of the property, in certain proportions, among his children.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1887) of Mrs. Maria Theresa Mottram, late of Ringwood, Upper Norwood, who died on Jan. 20 last, was proved on Feb. 21, by the Rev. Joseph Bickersteth Mayor and Robert Shuttleworth Gregson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £81,000. The testatrix, in compliance with the wishes of her late husband, Mr. John Grote, bequeaths the portrait of his grandfather, Mr. Andrew Grote, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to Messrs. Cave, Prescott, and Co., the bankers, to be hung in their banking-room, by the side of that of Mr. Prescott, the co-founder. She also bequeaths £200 each to the London City Mission, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Royal Sailors' Home (Portsmouth), the Substitute Sailors' Home (Wells-street, London Docks), the Royal Victoria Blind Asylum (Newcastle-on-Tyne), and the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum (Leadenhall-street); to the Marylebone Association for improving the Dwellings of the Industrial Classes, twenty ordinary and twenty preference shares of the same association; £1000, the contents of her wine-cellar, and part of her plate, books, and furniture to her husband, the Rev. Joseph Mottram: the income of certain shares to her husband, for life; certain shares—West Middlesex Water Company and the Madras Railway—and Stock—Dominion of Canada—upon trust, for Mrs. Mary Ann Harris, the wife of her late brother, Major De Haviland Harris, and at her death to her children; and numerous other legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her five nephews, Alfred Wharton Frith Harris, Arthur Edmond Glascott Harris, Clandius Shirley Harris, Grote Stulson, and Robert John Grote Mayor.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1881) of Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A., late of No. 6, Cromwell-place, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 27 last, was proved on Feb. 27 by Major Henry Godwin and Dr. Ashton Godwin, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £78,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Royal Literary Fund; £100 each to the Newspaper Press Fund, the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, the Architects' Benevolent Society, and the Artists' Benevolent Fund, and legacies to relatives. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his brothers and sisters: Henry, Ashton, Richard, Sidney, Marion, and Mrs. Elizabeth Verity.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1862), with a codicil (dated Aug. 28, 1884), of Mr. Alexander Crichton, formerly of No. 15, Clarges-street, Piccadilly, but late of No. 18, Adelaide-crescent, Brighton, who died on Jan. 11 last, was proved on Feb. 29 by Mrs. Annette Octavia Crichton, the widow, Charles Reynolds Williams, and Romer Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator bequeaths £600, all his furniture, wincs, horses, &c., and charges his Irish property with the payment of £800 per annum, to his wife; £15,000 between his younger children; his property in the Island of Jamaica among his sons; and certain drawings, books, publications, and criticisms by the Dodwell family to his wife, for life, and at her death to his eldest son, Alexander Joseph. He gives the use of his property at Lower Clogher, parish of Kiltullough, Roscommon, to his wife, and at her death he devises the same to the uses and upon the trusts contained in a deed of settlement of his estates in Sligo and Roscommon. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Annette Octavia Crichton.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 18, 1885) of Mr. William Harrower Anderson, some time of Rankeilour, Makgillie, Springfield, Fife, but late of No. 13, Belgrave-crescent, Edinburgh, who died on Jan. 28 last, granted to John Guild Bayfield, William Guild, William Guild, Charles Anderson, and William Verdin Anderson, the son, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Feb. 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £66,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the deposition and settlement (dated Jan. 10, 1878), and a holograph codicil (dated Oct. 12, 1885), of Colonel William Bernard Ainslie, C.B., late of No. 11, Chester-street, Edinburgh, who died on Oct. 31 last, granted to John Turnbull, John Kennedy, and John Torry, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Feb. 28, the value of the personal estate exceeding £66,000.

The will (dated June 3, 1887) of Mr. George Edward Frere, J.P., late of Roydon Hall, Diss, Norfolk, who died on Dec. 3, 1887, was proved on Feb. 24 by John Tudor Frere, the son, the Rev. John Wogan Festing, and George Edgar Frere, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and the furniture and effects at his house in Yarmouth to his wife; and all the furniture and live and dead stock at Roydon Hall, and the silver inherited from the Right Hon. Hookham Frere, to his son John. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, during the life of his wife, to pay annuities of £100 each to his sons Richard and William and daughter Isabella; £200 to his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Tudor Sawbridge, and the remainder of the income thereof to his wife. At her death he gives £5000 each to his sons William and Richard and to his daughter Isabella, and the ultimate residue between them and his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Tudor Sawbridge.

The will (dated May 4, 1885) of Lady Elizabeth Frances Russell, wife of John Loraine Baldwin, Esq., late of St. Ann's, Tintern, Chepstow, Monmouth, who died on Feb. 2, at Dover, was proved on Feb. 21 by the said John Loraine Baldwin, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testatrix gives all the property over which she has any power of appointment to her husband, absolutely.

The will (dated March 19, 1881), with a codicil (dated Feb. 20, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Cockayne Maunsell, formerly of Blisworth House, Northampton, but late of Sparrows Herts, Bushey, Herts, a Captain in the 12th Royal Lancers, who died on Nov. 26 last, was proved on Jan. 11 by Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Maunsell, the widow, John Borlase Tibbits, Sir Philip Duncombe Pauncefort Duncombe, Bart., and Francis Noel Mundy, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator makes up the portions of his four daughters, Caroline Emily, Beatrice Elizabeth, Isabel Louise, and Ida Cecilia, with what they will receive under settlements and the wills of members of the family, to £9000 each. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his son, Cecil John Cockayne Maunsell.



A GARDEN PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

## NOVELS.

*Countess Irene.* By the Author of "Lauterdale" and "Caterina." Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—In reviewing, some months ago, the last-mentioned novel of this author, which related the story of Caterina, the generous Irish vocalist and operatic actress, and her untimely death, surrounded by affectionate friends, at the height of her fame, but still more beloved for the virtues of her private life, we hoped soon to receive another work from the same clever hand. This hope is now fulfilled by the production of a tale more perfect in its composition, and not less original in its design, than that which gave us so much pleasure; and which one would gladly read again, especially as "Countess Irene" is, to some little extent, the sequel to "Caterina." It will be recollected that Colonel Harding, at whose residence near Kilrush, on the Clare shore of the Shannon estuary, his old friend Count Nugent, a distinguished Austrian officer of Irish descent, was sojourning as a guest till his recall for the war of 1866, had two sons, one of whom, Herbert, entered the Austrian army. Count Nugent, who had married an Italian lady, once a celebrated opera-singer, had two daughters, Irene and Natalie; the former stayed with her mother at Vienna, or at their country-house in Croatia, while the younger was left, for a time, in the care of Colonel and Mrs. Harding, being a distant family connection of theirs. Four years have since passed; and, in 1870, it is these persons, but mainly those of them living at the Austrian capital, who here engage our sympathetic interest. The Irish part of the continued history occupies but a small space in the new volumes; it is, however, an episode of stirring action, and Harry Harding, the lover of Natalie, figures as its hero, supported by our humorous old acquaintance Mr. Twiss, the lawyer and land-agent at Kilrush. None of the readers of "Caterina" will have forgotten that her friend Kate Harding, the Colonel's niece and ward, who was so good and clever, became the wife of Mr. Tom M'Lean, of London, a true gentleman and skilful engineer, working with his grand old father in a great contractors' business, and managing at times the construction of Austrian railways. If Mr. Tom M'Lean ever had leisure and taste for literary authorship, we should suspect him of being the writer of the present novel; for it is manifestly the production of an accomplished man of the world, intimately familiar with the best German society, with the manners of the Imperial Court and city life at Vienna, and with the details of Austrian official administration; it is, moreover, thoroughly inspired by the love of music, especially of the opera, which was attributed to Mr. Tom M'Lean. Whoever the real author may be, his powers are shown by imagining and drawing lifelike individual characters, women even better than men, bringing them mutually to act on each other in natural and simple conversations, and in situations of temporary perplexity arising from a very credible series of events. But the most agreeable quality of his work of fiction is that its leading conceptions of character, like the author's own style and manner, combine pure refinement and good taste with a tone of moral sincerity and uprightness, or "aufrichtigkeit," as Germans would say of each other, which is extremely engaging. All the persons of a certain social rank, English, foreign, or half-English and half-foreign, belonging to this same circle, are animated by one spirit of honourable frankness and courteous friendliness, which makes them pleasant company, even when their wishes and arrangements seem to disagree. The villains of the story are found in a lower grade: Herr Denk, the intriguing swindler, a hanger-on of the Vienna opera theatre and black-mailer of its professionals, with the sly and greedy termagant, his jealous wife, who keeps a music-shop; and the Bohemian Prohaska, a rank profligate and ferocious duellist, who is a sort of outlaw. In Ireland, likewise, the gang of agrarian outrage men is led by the ruffian O'Brien and prompted by Cassidy the conspirator, who are caught in the attempt to cut the dyke and inundate the valuable marsh-meadow lands of Colonel Harding and Mr. Twiss. These criminals supply the dark and dire elements required in ordinary novels, with a little fighting and bloodshed, but with no tragical results, in the end, to those persons who merit our esteem. It is time, however, to give an outline of the plot, and to indicate the position of its central figure, that of Count Nugent's daughter Irene, whose character is highly interesting. She has inherited from her Italian mother the voice for music and the artistic genius which she longs to exercise in some grand performance; she has an emotional, poetic, lyrical temperament; her moods are wayward and impulsive, but her mind is pure, unselfish, and of childlike innocence. The old Countess having become an invalid and a religious devotee, Irene has seen little of the world, and has bound herself by a vow not to think of marrying during her mother's life. Her ardent desire to sing, if only once, on the operatic stage has been repressed by her sense of filial duty, as such a proceeding would cause immense scandal in the aristocratic society of Vienna. Her father is Director of the Arsenal, where Captain Herbert Harding is his confidential assistant. Irene, not knowing her own inmost heart, but thinking to live entirely for her father and mother, treats Herbert, who loves her, with a rather cruel indifference, and fancies that he ought to pay his addresses to somebody else. The chief concern of the story lies in a succession of incidents, very

well contrived and described, by which she puts herself into some difficulty and suffers distress for the sake of others, enabling Herbert, an Englishman of the best type, to prove his manly courage and his practical efficiency in her service. A Polish Jewess, from Warsaw, passing under the name of Olga Levinsky, an inferior professional singer, who is rather an impostor, has come to Vienna with an introduction to the elder Countess Nugent. Irene enthusiastically bestows her patronage on this girl, and obtains for her a post at the Opera-house, with the best instruction for the stage; but Olga falls into the hands of the Denks and their accomplices in knavery, who cheat the young Countess of a good deal of money, and cause her much private annoyance. From these troubles Irene is rescued by Herbert, with the aid of the police and of a shrewd lawyer, exhibiting scenes of Viennese low life, vulgarity and rascality, which are sufficiently amusing. The habits of some theatrical underlings, the supper at Dreher's restaurant, the fury of Frau Denk at her husband's infidelity, his various dodges and tricks, and her coarse way of taking vengeance, the ins and outs of the Viennese mode of dwelling in "flats" or apartments in a huge range of buildings, and the prying, treacherous, underhand behaviour of the "hausmeister" or "concierge," who is apt to be a venal spy, are forcibly and humorously displayed. In bright contrast with all these meannesses, of which Irene is kept tolerably ignorant, are the views to be enjoyed in a tour up the Danube, and to the Salzkammergut, with her father, and with her friend Irma Von Thurn, including a visit to Baron and Baroness Lindheim, near Gmunden. The romantic scenery of that great river between Passau and Linz, and that of the Traunsee, the cascades and rapids of the Traun, and the salt-mines near Ischl, are effectively described. Irene's father is overturned in a boat and almost drowned; and, when lying in a precarious comatose state, is revived by her voice in Mendelssohn's "Slumber-song." This is talked of at Vienna, and she is requested to sing at the next Palace concert before the Kaiser and Kaiserin, who greet her with tokens of special favour. Immediately afterwards, the Director and Manager of the Opera implore her assistance to prepare Olga Levinsky for the performance of the leading part in "Fidelio," which has been commanded by their Imperial Majesties. Olga's nerves have given way at the arrival of the fierce Prohaska, with whom she was formerly too well acquainted at Prague, and who has been fetched to Vienna by Herr Denk, provoking him to fight with Herbert Harding. After helping Olga at the lessons and rehearsals, Irene goes with Irma to hear the public performance. She is sent for, behind the scenes, a few minutes before Olga should begin; the wretched girl is now unable to sing a note; there is no one of the company to take her place; the Manager and Director are in utter despair; and Irene, knowing the part thoroughly, consents to appear on the stage—a terribly improper act for a young lady of the dignified Austrian nobility. When this is done, Herbert leads her away, but at the side-door they are met by Prohaska, who mistakes the veiled lady for Olga, approaches her with rude insolence, and is knocked down by the Englishman's fist. The result is a duel next morning in the Prater, where Herbert's better swordsmanship is quickly proved; but Prohaska, who is a madman, snatches a pistol and shoots him, inflicting a dangerous wound. Irene, in the meantime, distracted with remorse for having done what will cause great pain to her father, and feeling that she has rather disgraced her family than enjoyed her artistic triumph, is laid up with a brain fever. When the two patients become convalescent, tenderly watched by their friends, who are joined by the M'Leans and Natalie and Harry from England, the faithful lover, Herbert, gets his reward from Irene; repentant of her former coldness to him, and sweetly humiliated, she owns a love that she had vainly striven to suppress. The two sisters marry the two brothers, Herbert and Harry, while Fräulein Irma Von Thurn, one of the best and wisest of young women, accepts the hand of young Lindheim, and every wish of unselfish friendship and kindness is fully satisfied. We have not read a more agreeable story for a long time; nor one that leaves a more healthy impression, or a stronger appreciation of the qualities, in morals and manners, which are conducive to social happiness.

*Mrs. Sharpe.* By the Author of "Shadrach." Three vols. (George Bell and Sons).—The lady named in the above title is Semproniusa Sharpe, a rich widow, middle-aged, uncomely, capricious, vehement, and overbearing, who claims to patronise and manage everybody of her acquaintance, ostensibly for their own good. She pounces on the recently bereaved husband of her deceased cousin in the first days of his sorrowing widowhood; and Squire Fortescue, a weak, indolent, undecided man of studious tastes, is compelled to resign to her, in some measure, the direction of his household, from which he escapes to a long sojourn with friends in Germany. His elder son Jack, who soon goes to Oxford, after first receiving instruction at a singular kind of establishment, a semi-ecclesiastical boarding-school, conducted by the Rev. Gerard Wynn, denounces Mrs. Sharpe as "an old witch"; but she makes a pet of his little brother Claude, and entirely spoils the child, besides unfairly promoting the suit of her own favourite nephew for the hand of Mr. Wynn's daughter, who loves Jack Fortescue and is beloved by that manly youth. We cannot say that the story is either an agreeable one, or a life-like and credible exhibition of human behaviour, or that the

characters are natural and worthy to engage our sympathies. There are several clergymen, of different theological complexities; and one, the Rev. John Denison, of the Broad Church, who utters sentiments of sublime spirituality, is described as a veritable saint; but, in his defencelessness against female wiles and entanglements, he is almost as great a goose as Mr. Fortescue. The adventures of Miss Wynn appear to us more frantic than romantic; the narrative, written in a loose and scrambling style, with lengthy comments on the supposed feelings and motives of these feeble persons, is very tedious; and the final catastrophe is the height of practical absurdity; for Mrs. Sharpe, having at length forced the Squire, who hates, dreads, and despises her, to take her for his second wife, sees a ghost on her way to church, on the wedding day, and gives up her wicked game at the altar. There might possibly be such a woman; but it is to be hoped that she would nowhere find such a foolish set of men.

*His Cousin Betty.* By Frances Mary Peard. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The main disturbing influence that affects the happiness of a pair of married cousins, in this good and finally pleasant story, is the impertinent interference of the man's sister, who is detected in improper tricks to bring about the match for her own convenience. Mr. Leyburn, a rising London barrister, having been left guardian of his cousins, two young ladies, now of age, and two boys, comes to see them at their lodgings in a farm-house on Dartmoor. He finds Betty an intelligent, frank, high-spirited young woman, of rustic tastes and manners, which he does not at first like, being a fastidious gentleman, somewhat of an egotist, and a little of a prig. But he gets a perilous knock on the head from a wild young countryman, Bill Anning, who mistakes him in the dark for Captain Harry Charteris, and who has been falsely persuaded to suspect the Captain of trifling with the affections of the farmer's daughter. The sisters have to nurse Mr. Leyburn, and his own sister, Horatia Hume, a gay young widow, comes to look after him. She wants to get him married, and fancies that his cousin Betty would be a mistress of his house amenable to her own control; so she tells him, without any warrant of truth, that Betty is far gone in love with him, and that it is his duty to make a proposal. They go together on a German tour; and we have some very fair descriptions of Franzensbad, a Bohemian watering-place, of the quaint old city of Prague, and of the Wagner performance of "Parsifal," at Bayreuth. John Leyburn there engages himself to Betty Amherst, and they are married in London a short time afterwards, under the direction of Mrs. Hume. But a few months' experience of wedded life exposes a want of mutual confidence; the young wife, unskillful in housekeeping, and embarrassed in London society, innocently displeases her ambitious husband, and loses her charming vivacity through dread of not making him quite happy. She accidentally discovers that Horatia had misrepresented her as the victim of a premature attachment. Her womanly pride is roused, and she becomes desperate and careless, while the cold and reserved behaviour of Leyburn prevents a satisfactory explanation. Their estrangement is further aggravated by her failing, while absent on a long visit, to get a letter telling her of his severe illness, so that he thinks her neglectful of her duty. She imagines that he has never loved her, and is almost driven mad by Horatia's injudicious advice to stand upon her rights, and by insinuations concerning another lady, Mrs. Trevennen whose beauty had once fascinated Mr. Leyburn. Nevertheless, she scorns to be jealous, and consents to join with her husband, in a marine excursion on board Captain Trevennen's yacht. A touching scene of domestic sorrow that she happens to witness in Jersey, with the consoling exhortations of the parish priest, restores her faith and courage. Returning to Cowes, she and Mrs. Trevennen have to sleep at a cottage, which takes fire in the night; and Betty saves the life of her supposed rival, who is not really a bad woman, and who is far from wishing to intrigue with Mr. Leyburn. In descending from a window of the burning cottage, Betty falls and suffers a dangerous concussion of the brain. Her recovery is doubtful and slow, but she gradually regains the power of clear thought, being tenderly nursed by her sister Lilius, whose plighted lover, Harry Charteris, has gone to the Burmese War. News that this young officer has been dangerously wounded gives occasion for John Leyburn, rather contrary, one would think, to his own duty, while his wife lies in such a condition, to undertake a voyage to Rangoon, where he also is laid up with fever. Betty, having been restored to health, proceeds with Lilius to Plymouth, to meet the steamship that should bring John and Harry home, but they are kept for some hours in painful doubts of the fate of both the husband and the lover. On the arrival of the ship, these distressing anxieties are removed; John Leyburn, though feeble from illness, meets his wife, to her infinite joy and every cloud of distrust or resentment is cleared away. The character of Lilius, the good and true sister, is throughout this story well set off against that of Horatia, the selfish, worldly, and unconscientious sister-in-law, who does not, however, mean to do any mischief; and her personal hostility to Mrs. Trevennen (or Lady Rosewarne) is decidedly amusing, with the exchange of very sharp retorts between these two ladies, in the most polite phrase and manner, whenever they encounter each other.

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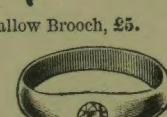
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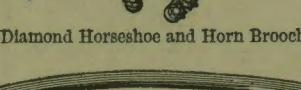
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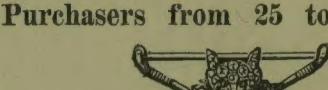
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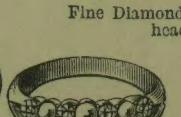
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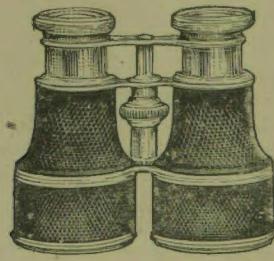
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